

The Sketch

No. 735.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



A DALY DELIGHT: MISS GABRIELLE RAY AS EGLE IN "THE LADY DANDIES."

It may be noted that Miss Ray and Mr. Willie Warde will appear in their popular duet and dance, "I always come back to you," from "The Lady Dandies," at the matinée to be given at Drury Lane on March 5 in aid of the Lord Mayor's Cripple Fund.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



A Day in Bed.

I have been spending a day in bed. Do not raise your hopes, friend the enemy. I am not ill: merely lazy. There is an old-fashioned phrase about "losing sleep." I say old-fashioned, because, if you train yourself correctly, you can put in the arrears of sleep when you like. Select a suitable day, take very light meals at the usual intervals, and sleep the rest of the time. There is no tonic in the world more simple, more health-giving, or more delightful. The world without may roar and rage as it did yesterday, and as it will to-morrow, but you pay no heed to it. People are getting into tempers one with the other; newsboys are rushing through the streets with edition after edition of the evening papers; men are going bankrupt; women are breaking their hearts; orators are thumping desks; births, marriages, and deaths are all proceeding—what do you care? For once you are thoroughly selfish. To-morrow you will hurl yourself again into the thick of the turmoil, but to-day, lying warm and snug in a darkened room, you are content that the world shall go on without you. Everybody should take a whole day in bed at least once a month. If no other day is available, there is always Sunday. If the scheme turns out a failure, I am quite ready to take the blame—through the post. If it turns out a success—well, I'll leave it to you, Sir.

The Champion Sleeper.

There is even a mercenary side to the question. I read that a certain Lurgan gentleman, having rested in bed for twenty-nine years, has received from the proprietors of a Manchester music-hall an offer of eight pounds a week to appear on the stage for a few minutes each night. For the reputation of sluggards the world over I hope the Lurgan gentleman will not yield to the temptation. In the first place, eight pounds a week is not half enough. What other man, having worked for twenty-nine years at his profession, and having attained, by universal acclamation, the proud title of "champion," would accept such a low rate of payment? No; those twenty-nine years have meant money out of pocket to the Lurgan gentleman, and he must not sell his services cheaply. Besides, he wouldn't like this music-hall business. There is a decided dignity about lying in bed for twenty-nine years, but there is nothing dignified about standing up on a platform to be stared and hooted at by a disrespectful audience. One can imagine the remarks that would come from the gallery, the snores, the offers to call him in time for his funeral, and cheap witticisms of a similar kind. As it is, the Lurgan gentleman is so beset by journalists and photographers that he has to keep his door bolted. Somebody should form a Society for the Protection of Sluggards.

The Currant Exposed.

How furiously the readers of newspapers rage together! In one daily contemporary, for example, there is a savage controversy going forward as to the value of the currant considered as human food. It all began by somebody saying that currants were indigestible. This has stirred "Delta" to his depths. Hear "Delta" on currants—

"For close upon a century, Sir, that delicious and decidedly wholesome fruit—currants, to the extent of hundreds of millions of pounds in each year, has been finding its way into the kitchens and bakeries in the homes of the million and the millionaire throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire throughout the world; and this on its own merits, and absolutely unaided by that mighty factor of modern enterprise—advertising."

Away with grammar, you see, when one is stirred to one's depths! There is an impassioned ring about "Delta's" words that shows the

By KEBLE HOWARD

(Chicot).

real currant-consumer torn with emotion. There is something pathetic, too, in the picture he draws of the currant finding its way unaided into all those homes. Can't you see the little chap stealing round the kitchen-door? At the same time, I'm bound to say that I avoid him as an article of diet. I wouldn't so much mind putting him under a glass case, or having a number framed and hung on the wall, but I will not eat him.

My Secret Sorrow.

"Delta" may call this prejudice, but it is not quite that. I was born, as all children are born, with an instinctive liking for currants. I can remember the time when I, too, would steal into the kitchen in the wake of the currant, and eat him raw by handfuls. For some little time these expeditions were radiantly successful, but there came a day when my passion for currants was followed by extreme physical pain. Not, I am bound to admit, internal pain, but external. "Delta" will retort that this is no reason for avoiding the currant now that I can buy him for myself. I implore him to hear me out. The external pain, skilfully applied, was the first check to my affection for the currant. Willingly would I have shown my devotion to the fine little fellow at the table: thus our friendship might have ripened into the love that never dies. But it was a rule in our family that the girls should be served first, beginning at the eldest and going down to the youngest; and then the boys, again beginning at the eldest and going down to the youngest. It befell, therefore, that I was served *NINTH*, and had the satisfaction, whilst waiting, of seeing all the really curranty pieces of the roly-poly swiftly disappear. Say what you will, there are not many currants in the "ends." The roly-poly can't be made that way. And so I lost my taste for "Delta's" favourite food.

Down with Cricket!

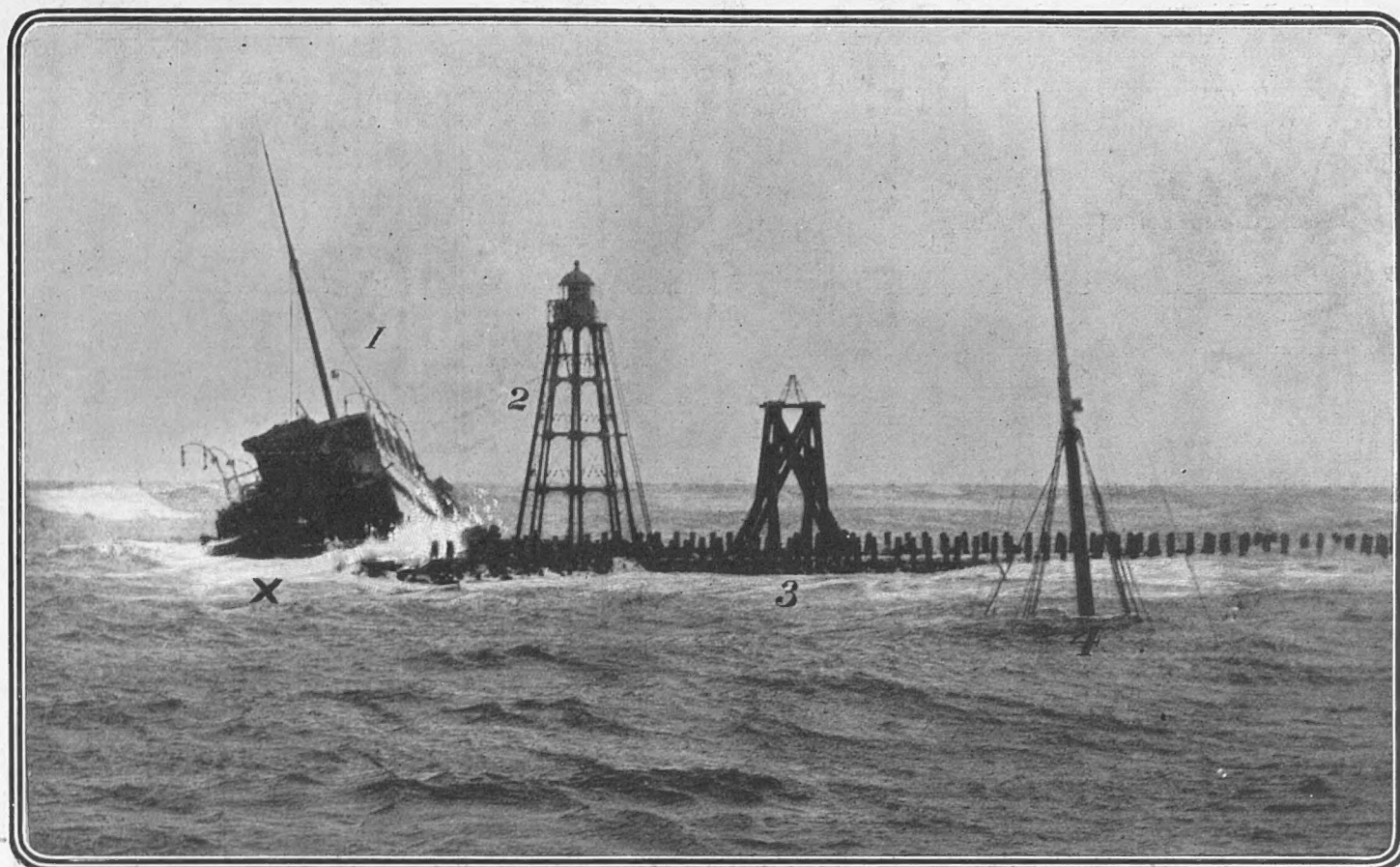
The people of Australia, it seems, have been the first to discover that there are better games than cricket. *Table Talk*, a Melbourne paper, says, "Cricket as a game has many weak points which the mercurial Australian temperament was bound to find out, however those who love the game for its traditional glory may choose to ignore them." As a matter of fact, cricket is full of weak points—if you can't play it. When I think that quite half the summer afternoons of my boyhood were wasted in watching other fellows enjoy themselves, while I might have been swimming, or sculling, or cycling, or playing tennis, I could take the bald, hoary heads of the selfish curmudgeons who were responsible for this wicked folly, and bash, bash, bash them together. Cricket is made compulsory in schools because every headmaster, for reasons of business, is anxious that his teams shall beat the teams of the neighbouring schools. He sacrifices the health and the pleasure of more than half his boys to satisfy his own craving for increased revenue. Naturally enough, he pretends that all his care and anxiety is for the pleasure and health of the boys. Oh, I know all the specious arguments by heart, for I have been a schoolmaster. "Unless one organises games, boys will loaf. They won't take any real exercise." This is a wicked lie.

A Hint for Parents.

There is no surer way of teaching a boy to loaf than to compel him to play a game which he does not like and for which he is not suited. The average schoolmaster has no imagination, no sympathy, and very little conscience. If he is a stupid fellow, he believes that all boys think and feel just as he himself felt and thought. "Why, when, I was a boy—!" You know the parrot-cry. If he is a clever fellow, he persuades himself, as I have said, that games must be organised. The remedy lies in the hands of the parents. They should refuse to send their sons to any school where compulsory cricket is the rule.

THE TERRIBLE WRECK OF THE "BERLIN"

AT THE HOOK OF HOLLAND.



X WHERE THE VESSEL STRUCK.

1. THE STERN OF THE VESSEL, FROM WHICH FOURTEEN PEOPLE WERE SAVED AFTER HEROIC EFFORT.

2. THE POINT FROM WHICH THE RESCUED WERE SAVED. 3. THE SPOT BENEATH WHICH THE FUNNELS OF THE VESSEL ARE SUBMERGED.

4. THE BOW OF THE VESSEL.

ALL THAT WAS TO BE SEEN OF THE VESSEL AT THE TIME OF THE RESCUE OF ELEVEN
OF THE FIFTEEN SURVIVORS.



1. THE STERN OF THE VESSEL.

2. THE POINT FROM WHICH THE RESCUED WERE SAVED.

4. THE BOW OF THE VESSEL.

5. THE LIFEBOAT.

6. THE PILOT STEAMER.

THE ATTEMPT TO EFFECT A RESCUE: A PILOT STEAMER, WITH THE PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND
ABOARD, AND THE LIFEBOAT STANDING OFF THE WRECK.

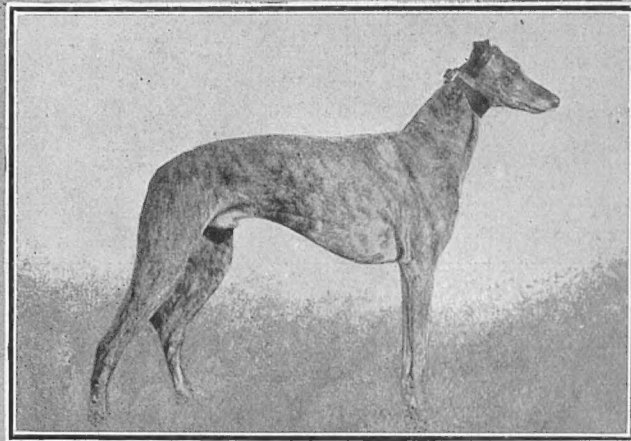
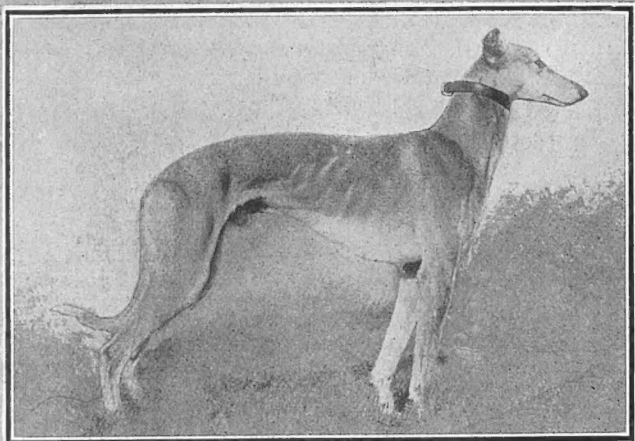
There is no need to go into details here of the appalling disaster to the "Berlin." They have already been given with the fullest possible particulars in the daily Press.
Tribute may be paid, however, to the gallant rescue work, and to the action of the Prince Consort of Holland in twice going to the wreck on a pilot steamer.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

THE FAVOURITE WINS THE WATERLOO CUP: THE DECIDING COURSE.

SIR R. W. BUCHANAN-JARDINE'S LONG SPAN, WINNER.

MR. A. D. GAUSSEN'S GLENBRIDGE, RUNNER-UP.

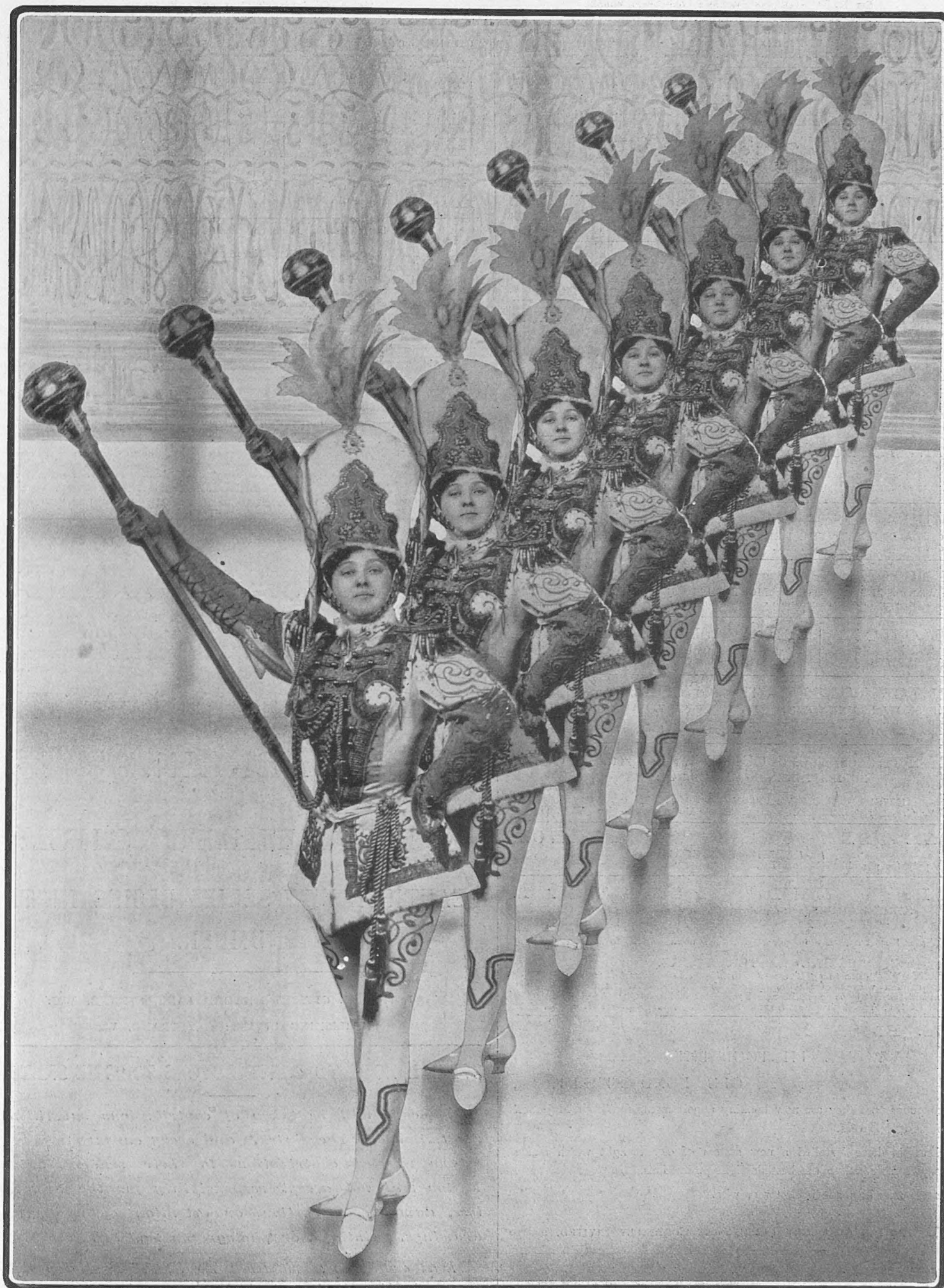


PUTTING LONG SPAN, THE WINNER, AND GLENBRIDGE, THE RUNNER-UP, IN THE SLIPS
FOR THE DECIDING COURSE.

Betting was 3 to 1 on Long Span, when, at 12.53, the pair went to the slips. The favourite drew away immediately after the start, and made the turn four lengths in front. Making three or four quick points, he then scored the kill, leaving Glenbridge pointless.

Photographs by the Sports Company.

A NEW AMERICAN "BOY" FOR DRURY LANE.



MISS MEREDITH MEREDRO, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED FOR THE 1907-8 DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

Miss Meredro, who is here shown in one of the costumes she wore in the recent production of "The Stunning Grenadiers" at the Oxford, is to take a leading part in the next pantomime at Drury Lane. She has now returned to America, there to appear until November.

The Photographs, which are all of Miss Meredro, are by the Dover Street Studios; Setting by "The Sketch."

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		10*43	BRIGHTON	...	9 50
LONDON BRIDGE	...	11*17	LEWES	...	10 15
		10*50	EASTBOURNE	...	10 25
NEW CROSS	...	11* 0	MARGATE SANDS	...	11 5
EAST CROYDON	...	10 25	RAMSGATE TOWN	...	11 15
RED HILL	...	10 45	CANTERBURY	...	11 55
EDENBRIDGE	...	11 8	DOVER TOWN	...	11 50
PENSHURST	...	11 18			12*20
TONBRIDGE	...	11 35	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	...	12*30
DARTFORD	...	9 55			12 5
GRAVESEND CENTRAL	...	10 13	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL	...	12*33
CHATHAM (M.L.)	...	10 53			12 9
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MAIDSTONE (WEST)	...	11 29			

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MARCH 2.

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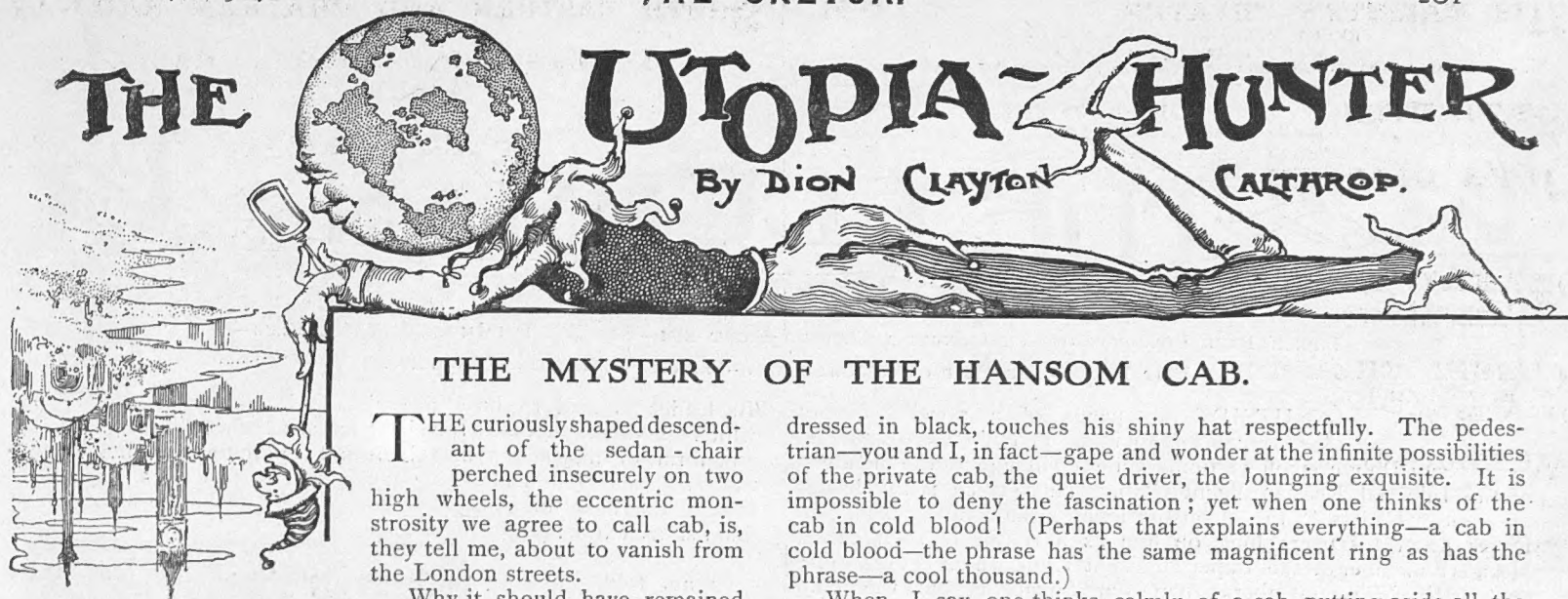
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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE

UTOPIA HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.



THE MYSTERY OF THE HANSOM CAB.

THE curiously shaped descendant of the sedan-chair perched insecurely on two high wheels, the eccentric monstrosity we agree to call cab, is, they tell me, about to vanish from the London streets.

Why it should have remained so long is a mystery no one can solve, for a more uncomfortable, rickety, stuffy arrangement it

is not possible to imagine. dressed in black, touches his shiny hat respectfully. The pedestrian—you and I, in fact—gape and wonder at the infinite possibilities of the private cab, the quiet driver, the lounging exquisite. It is impossible to deny the fascination; yet when one thinks of the cab in cold blood! (Perhaps that explains everything—a cab in cold blood—the phrase has the same magnificent ring as has the phrase—a cool thousand.)

When, I say, one thinks calmly of a cab, putting aside all the emotions it raises, one sees the absurdity of this survival of the unfittest. A cab is difficult to enter and irritating to leave. There

is only room for two persons of medium build. Ah, Romance, again you rise with thoughts of that well-filled space.

Boy-and-girl romances, lover-like drives, elopements—crimes, even—are associated with this London vehicle.

Now one writes, quite naturally, London vehicle, and one is led to see at once how much a part of London the cab is, and also how apart it is from the life or the atmosphere of other places.

A cab in London has the air of a sleigh in Davos—absolute appropriateness. A cab in Manchester has the air of—in fact, it has no air at all, and looks like a lost thing.

Other disadvantages of cabs amount to thousands. There is that question of fare, for example. One is never certain of the nature of one's cabman; one does not once in a blue moon strike the decayed aristocrat, and the wonderful language and gesticulatory powers of the lay cabman frighten every woman and most men into paying twice and three times the regular fare.

Think of the comfort of cab-driving in Paris: at night a coloured light tells you to what district the cab belongs, so that you may choose one which will help both you and the driver, not to speak of the horse, on the way. Again, a flag announces that the voiture is free, and you see, as you drive, your fare marking itself automatically on the clock-dial before you; that, with two-pence-ha'penny for a drink, will satisfy your driver. Let a lady try the correct fare on a London cabman and she will be plunged into an unequal dispute, attract a crowd (who are all for the cabman), and,

finally, she will pay anything to avoid the insults hurled at her, which, however, do not stop after she has paid. Consequently she avoids taking a cab again unless it is absolutely necessary.

Yet, with all the discomfort, with the stuffiness in summer and the draughtiness in winter, with the extreme danger of being shot out or tipped over, the cab, by reason of its romance and our conservative natures, is still with us. Still, we have a certain feeling of recklessness and charming extravagance in taking a hansom, no matter how rich we are, for it is expensive because the cabman makes it so.

In reality we are frightened of our servants, we English, the most snobbish race in the world, and in a country where there is a classic saying, "He spends his money like a lord," we are at the mercy of our cringing snobbery and prefer a false reputation for high life to any amount of comfort.

solve, for a more uncomfortable, rickety, stuffy arrangement it is not possible to imagine.

With a sporting-looking acrobat balanced on a tiny perch, with its peculiar trap-door in the roof, its matchless match-holder, slip of looking-glass, shaped doors called the apron, with all its numerous survivals, it presents to the modern mind the appearance of a mad dream out of the eighteenth century.

The cause of this survival is apparent to the poetic mind, but the poetic mind itself almost threatens to become a thing of the past.

I have said that no one could solve the mystery of the long life of the cab, and I excluded myself naturally, because it has been my hobby to unearth the mystery.

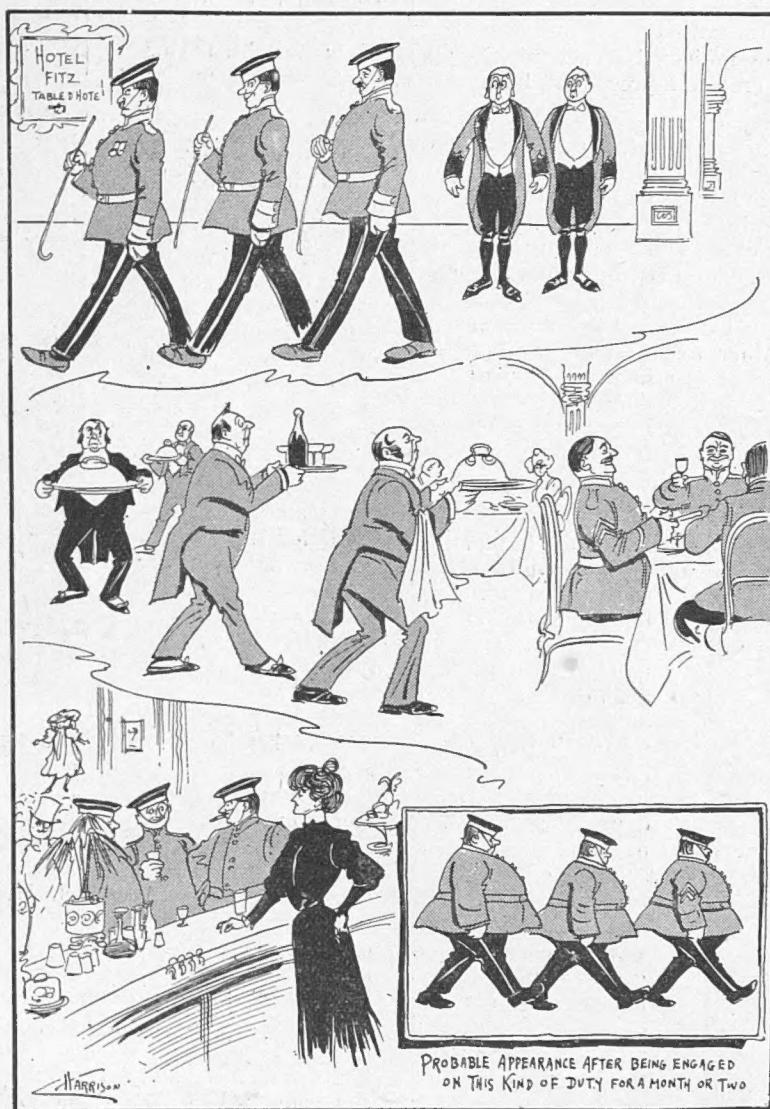
I have said that romance kept the cab going, and that is the truth.

To show how strong a hold romance has upon the English people, one has but to think of a cab-rank and the clue unfolds itself. There, in the middle, is a Swiss cottage, emblem of Victorian sentiment, with steam coming from the windows, and lazy smoke from the chimney. There, near by, is an antique notice-board relating to hackney carriages and torturing sums of distances. In a long line stand the old-fashioned vehicles and the old-fashioned horses, by them the motley crew of quaintly dressed persons, some—romantic thought—having the air of dukes, fallen, it is true, from high estate, but dukes the passer-by firmly believes. Indeed, it is an article of faith with the British Public to believe that aristocrats who have lost millions on the Turf take to cab-driving as a means of livelihood.

The British Public dearly loves a lord, and consequently loves a cabman.

The romance is intensified at night, when the dotted line of lights moves slowly on the rank as cab after cab is called and drives away, when lords and ladies resplendent in evening-dress flit past, crushed into the box-like space of the hansom. There is an extravagant gaiety in a cab, a grotesque devilry in the idea of cab-calling.

Suddenly it strikes me that this devilishness appeals to the English mind. There is a fondly imagined air of foreign adventure, of a novelette, of a Count-de-Something feeling about a cab. Does not the mind take a delicious, extravagant turn at the idea of a private hansom? Lord So-and-So comes languidly down the steps of his club, and, behold! a roan mare, champing at her bit, pulls up a noiseless, rubber-tyred hansom cab. The driver, a dark man



A COMMISSION FOR WHICH EVERY SOLDIER IS HANKERING: RESTAURANT-TESTING AT THE GOVERNMENT'S EXPENSE.

Various statements having been made that certain publicans and restaurant-keepers had refused to serve soldiers in uniform, three or four soldiers, including at least one non-commissioned officer, were recently set to test the truth of these. They went to most of the good bars and many good restaurants, and, no doubt to their delight, found that no difficulties were made when they desired to be served with food and drink. Our Artist does not claim to have witnessed the proceedings.—[DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.]



THE CLUBMAN

PRINCE PAUL DOLGOROUKOFF CHALLENGES A CLUB TO FIGHT HIM—THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL YACHT CLUB—

EXIT FEHIM—THE PLOT OF A MELODRAMA—PRINCESS CLÉMENTINE'S SCHEMES.

OUTSIDE the pages of a novel I cannot recall any incident in club life to parallel Prince Paul Dolgoroukoff's all-embracing challenge to the members of the Imperial Russian Yacht Club. The Prince is the leader of the "Cadets," the Constitutional Democratic party in Russia, and his peers look on him as a traitor to their cause. He was a member of the Imperial Yacht Club, which is even more aristocratic in its members than our Squadron, but the club by a unanimous vote has struck his name from their list. The Prince retaliates by calling out the whole club. Brigadier Gerard, as most of us remember, called out all the officers of a regiment, and I am quite sure that some of Lever's heroes did the same valiant deed; but to call out a club *en bloc* is something quite new, and the summons to attend a committee "to consider the conduct of a member"—the most unwelcome notice that committee-men ever receive—would, if Prince Paul created a precedent, be a very dangerous one as well.

The Imperial Russian Yacht Club I have only contemplated from afar. It has its town-house in St. Petersburg, on one of the quays, and I remember, when driving out to the islands, seeing a beautifully kept lawn and a charming pavilion, some-yachts in shelter, flying an ensign with a black cross, and a cutter running up to her moorings with very light canvas, before a wind which whipped the open water into white wavelets. My droshky-driver told me, so far as I could understand him, that this was the Nobles' Yacht Club, and I looked at it with that rather forlorn feeling which the

confirmed man of clubs always has when he sees an enclosure into which he has not the privilege to enter.

Fehim Pasha, that very splendid rascal of Constantinople, has gone into exile in Asia Minor, and his band of spies has been dispersed. Any of these villains about whom inquiries are likely to be made have doubtless been deported; but the undistinguished scoundrels, the small fry, are at the bottom of the Bosphorus. When the Sultan disgraces one of his favourites he never deals in half-measures, and he has an objection to the presence of small men with big grievances in Stamboul—they throw bombs or do foolish things with scimitars. They are so much safer and so much quieter if a boat accident occurs somewhere where the tide runs very strongly.

Fehim, had he been allowed to emigrate, would have found congenial company in America, and would have been assured of a high

Its leader is said to have a scale of charges, which no doubt includes travelling expenses, for any form of murderous assault in all the cities of the United States. Such mere trifles as gouging out an eye or biting off a thumb are also on his list as extras.

I am told, however, that a ten-pound note will buy a man's life in London, that any unsuspecting person can fall into the Thames on a dark night, or break his neck going round a slippery, dark corner, or fall under a van, if a little bit of crisp paper changes hands. I know that a very distinguished playwright, wishing to work out the plot of a melodrama, went into a high-class den of thieves, made friends with some of the leaders, and unfolded to them as something he wished to put into execution the plan he had devised for his villain's action. He told his listeners that there was a very important financier he wanted out of the way for forty-eight hours while he played the very dickens on the Stock Exchange with the stocks the financier controlled. He suggested to his listeners that an attractive lady and a yacht would be the simplest means of ensuring this object. His hearers concurred. They knew the very yacht for the purpose; a skipper and a crew could easily be produced; and concerning the lady there would be no difficulty whatever. "Then, after the forty-eight hours, we will, of course, bring him back," said the dramatist brightly, thinking of his fourth act. A cloud came over the faces of his audience. "Well, guv'nor, of course, if you wish it; but it would save such a lot of questions being asked if he just went quietly overboard," the spokesman suggested.

I remember my attention being called in Vienna to a gentle-faced old lady in an open carriage, who used a silver ear-trumpet to hear what her companion said to her. "There goes the cleverest diplomatist in Europe," said the man who had drawn my attention to the lady. It was the Princess Clémentine, a royal lady whose lifelong work it was to restore to its descendants some of the past glories of the House of Bourbon. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was her favourite son, and the most successful of the Princess's schemes was that to put him on the Bulgarian throne, and to keep him seated there. The Balkan States seem able to swallow and digest vast sums of money, but the Princess was willing to give largely in order to make a somewhat unstable throne firm. The Princess always hoped to live to see Prince Ferdinand a King, and when the fusion of all the Balkan States is talked of his name is the one most generally mentioned as the Sovereign of the proposed kingdom. What would have delighted the Princess even more than a kingship for Prince Ferdinand would have been the accession of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of France. If the Duke had possessed his grand-aunt's brains and her devotion to political affairs it is not at all improbable that he might now be ruling in Paris.



A DASTARDLY DUELLING-TRICK: PUSHING THE RAMROD DOWN THE OUTSIDE OF THE PISTOL, WHILE PRETENDING TO RAM HOME THE CHARGE.

Duels are not always fought on those honourable lines that are traditional. Even nowadays, when fighting for honour has become practically bloodless, unscrupulous combatants, acting through their seconds, have been known to stoop to tricks destined to place their opponents in their hands. Two of these are illustrated on this page.

command in that band of criminals and ex-gaol-birds who were engaged, so Mr. Thaw imagined, to murder him. It is rather startling to know that an organised body is ready in one of the most civilised capitals in the world to commit any crime at a stated price.



ANOTHER TRICK OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS DUELLIST: DELIBERATELY DISCARDING HALF THE POWDER-CHARGE BY A SKILFUL TURN OF THE WRIST.



MISS EVELYN VIOLET BROCKLEBANK AND MR. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE JUN., HEIR TO £10,000,000,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Evelyn Violet Brocklebank is the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Brocklebank, Bt.; Mr. George Westinghouse is the only son of the famous inventor of the same name, and is heir to a fortune of £10,000,000. The story goes that the pair met in the Westinghouse factories. Miss Brocklebank expressed a wish to visit these, and was shown round by a smart young workman. This workman turned out to be Mr. George Westinghouse. Their next meeting was in London. Miss Brocklebank was born on February 23, 1882, and has a twin-sister.

Photograph of Miss Brocklebank by Esmé Collings.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR," AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

"GIVE me a good, 'fat' dying part—that's what I love," said the comedian in a famous anecdote. It may be hinted that the sentiment thus crudely expressed, yet in technical terms, partly explains the popularity—I might say, longevity—of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," now nearly sixty years old. There is a beautiful "fat" dying part in it for the actress, and every French leading lady aspires to die in public as the hapless Adrienne. It is typical of its style and period that the dying is grotesquely conventional. Adrienne is poisoned with the famous *poudre à succession*. Michonnet and Maurice, who worship her, guess what is the matter, but, of course, they do not interrupt the scene, the poetic scene, by making any efforts to save her; that would not be high art—high art of the mid-nineteenth century. Emotion and emetics do not form a romantic combination, so all pretence at verisimilitude is abandoned. Yet, whilst Adrienne dies incredibly, the play lives amazingly. I imagine to myself the Parisian critic, whenever it is announced, grumbling as we used to grumble when "The Lady of Lyons" was threatened. Fortunately, there is very little fear of that famous play being exhumed again and offered to the London public and critics. How we have suffered from Pauline and Claude! Adrienne is vastly better from every point of view. Indeed, I wonder that some audacious dramatist does not boldly give a modern treatment of the tale by history, Scribe, and Legouv  : it might have a tremendous success. For the old play suffers cruelly from what has happened since. Consider the soliloquies, particularly those of the Princess, soliloquies in which she not only gives out aloud a good deal of information as to facts and feelings, but has to act her feelings vehemently at the footlights! The part, by the way, reminds me of the King in "Hamlet," which on paper seems to offer great opportunities for the player of which nobody ever appears to take full advantage. Perhaps as a rule the actress is not allowed to do her best with the character—such things are not unheard of. However, Mlle. Marcilly played the Princess very ably at the Royalty, though in the famous darkness scene she and Madame Hading failed to thrill us; and yet that scene is one of the most vivid little pieces of existing conventional drama.

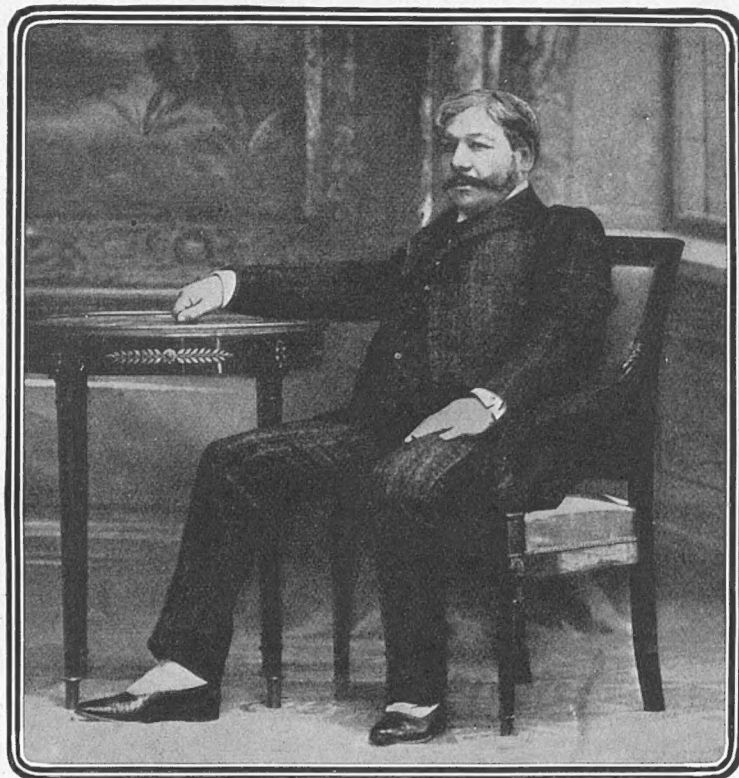
Here, indeed, is a vexing aspect of the play. It has splendid situations and no real character. The ingenuity displayed in the piece is sufficient for half-a-dozen dramas of greater truth and deeper study, and when it is handled by an actress of genius—which sometimes happens; and when the Maurice is more than a handsome stick—which



A COUSIN OF MRS. LEWIS WALLER PLAYING AT TERRY'S: MISS DORA GRAY, WHO IS APPEARING AS BARBARA IN "MR. GULL'S FORTUNE."

Among the company at Terry's Theatre playing in "Mr. Gull's Fortune" a young actress, Miss Dora Gray, has distinguished herself by admirable work in a not very promising character—that of Barbara. Miss Gray, a cousin of Mrs. Lewis Waller, is a lady of much personal charm and intelligence, who has worked hard at her profession in the provinces.

Photograph by L. S. Langflier, Glasgow.



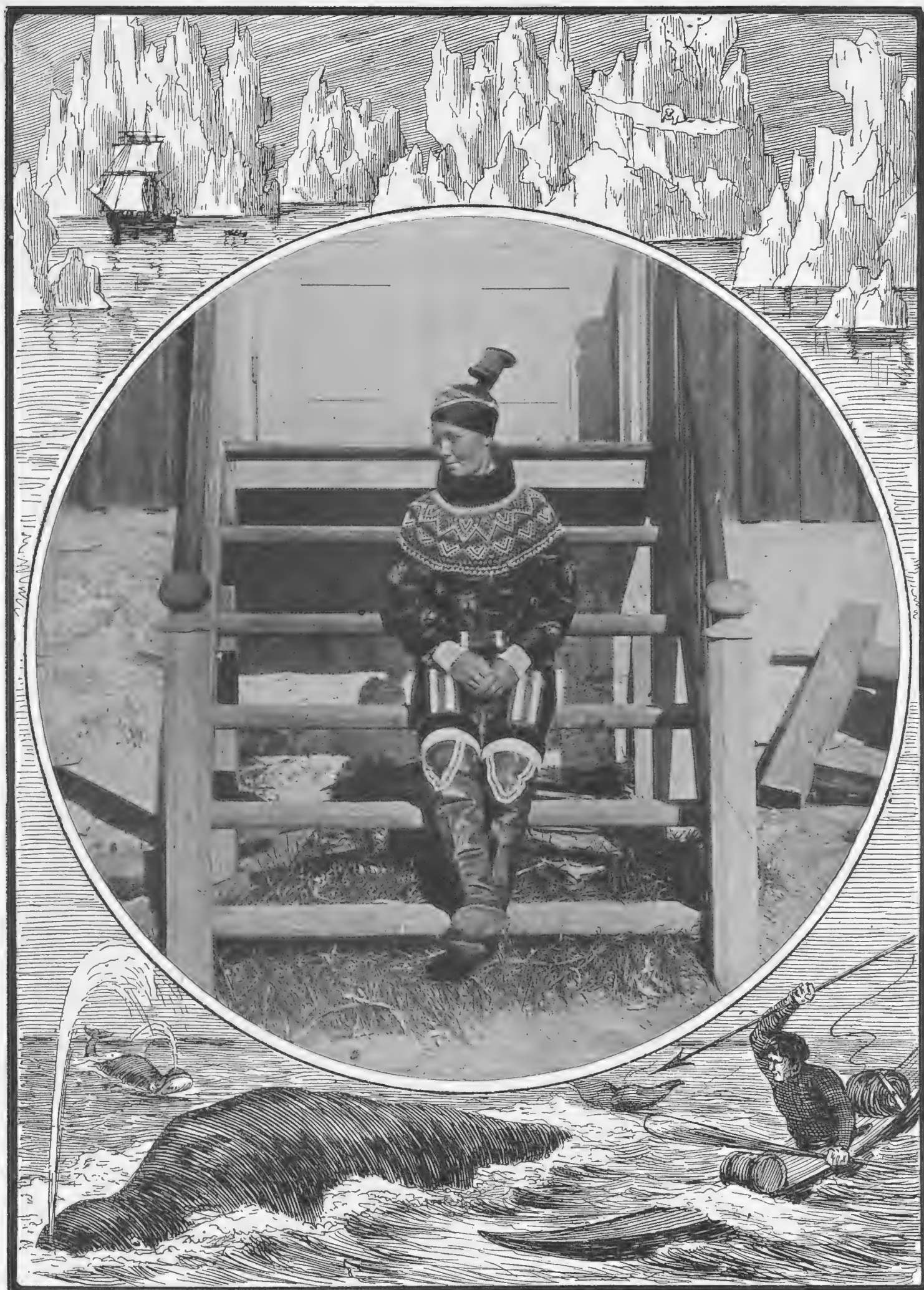
THE FRENCH ORIGINAL OF ISIDORE IZARD, IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS": M. DE FERAUDY AS ISIDORE LECHAT, IN "LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES."

"Les Affaires sont les Affaires," the original of "Business is Business," produced some time ago at His Majesty's Theatre, is being played at the New Royalty this week. It will be noticed that in the English version Isidore Lechat became Isidore Izard.

rarely occurs; and when the Michonnet is a fine broad comedian with a command of the pathetic—and this is hardly ever the case with companies that visit London, the play captivates even the jaded. Bernhardt more than once, even with a "*moi-m  me et quelques poup  es*" company, succeeded in stirring the critics. It is the misfortune of Madame Jane Hading that she just lacks the electrifying power. Rare beauty, real charm, great intelligence, and much technical skill, without genius, are like the Christian virtues without charity. She is the actress who, in finely written, sincere plays, can do full justice to the author's work, but not one of the scanty few capable of vitalising rubbish. Of course, "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is vastly better than rubbish, but certainly belongs to the group of plays in which the author demands the co-operation of an actress possessing genius. Perhaps its chief present value is that it serves to some extent as a touchstone. Do you wish to know whether you are an actress of genius? If so, represent Adrienne in the French original, or one of the many English or American versions that have been produced since April 1849, when the play was born, and Rachel appeared in it with Regnier as the Michonnet. You will not achieve triumph unless you have genius, though it is possible to have genius without achieving a triumph.

The French company gave a really excellent performance without exhibiting the necessary genius. Madame Jane Hading always amazes me—makes me wonder why I remain cold whilst a woman of such charm and intelligence is acting with remarkable skill. The explanation is, no doubt, that without over-acting, as some do, she acts too much; one is conscious, it is difficult to say why, that she is working hard all the time. She fills the stage, she arrests and holds the attention of the audience, and few can do all this; but we are aware that it costs her a great deal in energy. With profound apologies, I draw an almost offensive analogy, and see a painful resemblance: her work reminds me of the strenuous efforts of the music-hall performer, absolutely essential during a short "turn," yet trying to the audience when manifest during a whole evening in cases where the services of the performer have been retained for the stage. Bernhardt, when she plays the part, behaves somewhat as Jean de R  cske did on occasion, when he saved his voice during the uninteresting passages. Her work is less conscientious and more effective than Madame Hading's.

RATIONAL DRESS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



SWEET SEVENTEEN IN GREENLAND.

Photograph supplied by G. G. Bain, taken by Lieut. Peary.

SMALL
TALK

NEW MASTER OF SUTTON'S HOSPITAL,
CHARTERHOUSE: THE REV. GEORGE
EDWARD JELF.

Photograph by Russell

distinguished family, of which the present generation has given us a brilliant Judge and a gallant soldier. The Jelfs are a sunny-souled family. Scholars of Charterhouse will be glad to hear that. The Canon is a man of singularly sweet disposition, though armed with the qualities which make for discipline. His younger brother, Mr. Justice Jelf, is the man who loves not juries in general, though he has done great things with some in particular.

DR. OSLER must have smiled when he read the announcement of the appointment of Canon Jelf to the mastership of Sutton's Hospital, Charterhouse. The event was bound to let loose upon him the sneers of those who seriously regarded his "too old at forty" little joke. The new Head is seventy-three years young, and, to all appearances, good for another decade's service. He comes of a

Withal he is one of the kindest, most courteous men on the Bench, and when the other day he inherited an unexpected £500 from an admirer, his friends wished that the sum were ten times as great.

An Interesting Discovery. The new Lord Goschen will be welcomed to the House of Lords for his own sake, and for the sake of the great man whom he succeeds. Father and son were a splendid combination—another such pair as Sir William Harcourt and his son, "Lulu." The new peer was for many years his father's private secretary, which fact gave him an insight into public life and the secret making of political history such as comes to few men. His father was as tenderly solicitous for his success in Parliament as Gladstone had been for the present Home Secretary, and Mr Chamberlain for the ex-Chancellor

the Goschens', and will wish to go again now that to its head the second Viscount is called.

Lady Ursula Grosvenor.

The five-year-old Lady Ursula Grosvenor was for some time the Duke and Duchess of Westminster's only child, and thus stood in much the same important position as does now the Duke of Norfolk's first child, little Lady Rachel Howard.

Though born within sound of Bow Bells—or, to put it more accurately, at Grosvenor House—most of Lady Ursula's short life has been spent at Eaton Hall; there she leads an ideal life, surrounded by numberless living pets, for she has inherited all the family love of horses and dogs; her favourite toys, instead of being dolls, are lilliputian animals and miniature motor-cars. She already has her own pony, and bids fair to become as fearless a horse-woman as is her mother. Now that there is a little Lord Grosvenor, Lady Ursula's importance is somewhat diminished; but the daughters of this great ducal

house are famed for their beauty, and for making great marriages; thus through one of her aunts her little Ladyship is connected with the blood royal, for she is, of course, nearly related to the Duke of Teck's children, and her own first cousin, the son of Princess Henry of Pless, is a future Serene Highness.

Why not Feminine Police?

Two cabwomen are now driving in the streets of Paris. When a rude male confrère said things to them, they just had him run in by a male policeman. They are determined not to be trampled on, these ladies of the whip. Paris has taken to them immensely, and they are everywhere cheered and smiled upon when they



THE NEW LORD GOSCHEN:
GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, SECOND
VISCOUNT.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE
AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER: LADY
URSULA MARY OLIVIA GROSVENOR.

Lady Ursula was born on the 21st of February, 1902. Her brother, Earl Grosvenor, heir to the dukedom, was born in November 1904.

Photograph by Speaight.



A POST OF ALL TRADES.

The post in question, which is here shown, serves as a ventilating-shaft, a telegraph-post, a sign-post, an electric-light standard, and a notice-board for an Urban District Council in Essex, and also carries a fire-alarm box.

Photograph by Lavell.

of the Exchequer. When the younger Goschen made his maiden speech in moving an Address to the Throne a friend congratulated his father upon the triumph of his heir. "I have not heard the function so creditably performed for thirty years," he said. Lord Goschen made a rapid calculation and found that twenty-nine years earlier he himself had moved the Address. At his father's home the new peer met many people whose name is written large across the modern story of Europe. Their house is one of the loveliest in Sussex, and there in the old days were to be met the Empress Frederick, telling of her horror of Socialism, but her unswerving devotion to Liberalism; and George Eliot, fascinating with her dainty wit, her slightly masculine charm of manner. All the world came in turn to



THE ANCIENT ADAPTED TO THE
MODERN: AN OLD TWO-SPOUT
PUMP IN BEDFORD ROW, HOLBORN,
TRANSFORMED INTO A HOLDER
FOR INCANDESCENT LAMPS.

Photograph by Brunell



WEARY WILLIE AS WOOLER OF MY LADY NICOTINE: A RABBIT-
BONE USED AS A CIGARETTE-HOLDER BY AN INGENIOUS TRAMP.

Photograph by W. A. Mountstephen.

detective work, women are excellent. They have intuition and—ahem! they have certain powers of deception and dissimulation. Moreover, they have enormous patience. The policewomen of Ghent are un-uniformed and are engaged in criminal investigation.

take their trots abroad. Presently there will be dozens of *femmes cochères* in Paris, or feminine drivers of the motor taximeter cab. Police and public bless them; it is only their male competitors who are disagreeable. There is a likelihood of feminine police in Paris. The good town of Ghent has already started them, and Paris looks on with envious eyes. Why should there not be policewomen as well as policemen? For certain

✻ ✻ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✻ ✻



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PHOTOGRAPH? AN APPARENTLY IMPOSSIBLE FEAT.

Given the fact that the ribbon on the girl at the top of the picture is not attached to anything, how is this position attained by the girls? Prizes are not offered for a solution; nor does the Editor desire that answers to the Puzzle shall be sent to him.

Photograph by Byron, New York.



BRITAIN'S YOUNGEST BARONESS:
BARONESS CLIFTON OF LEIGHTON
BROMSWOLD.

Elizabeth Adeline Mary Bligh, Baroness Clifton, was born on January 22, 1900, and succeeded her father in October of the same year, as seventeenth in succession from the first Baron. The Baroness's mother married Captain Arthur C. Leveson, R.N., five years ago.

Photograph by Langflier.

acquaintance have often been amazed by the acuteness of his remarks concerning difficult points of evidence. By a curious chance the King, as Heir Apparent, was more than once involved in a law case, and twice he faced composedly the ordeal of the witness-box with simplicity and courage. The King is known to be very proud of the purity of British law, and it is always a source of profound satisfaction to him when anything is done to make more easy and less costly the poor man's access to legal aid.

An Important Engagement.

The most important engagement so far of 1907 was announced in very unobtrusive fashion last week. The bridegroom-elect is Mr. Dudley Gladstone Gordon, Lord and Lady Aberdeen's second son, and the bride, Miss Cecile Drummond, is a younger cousin of the Duke of Rutland, and the daughter of Mr. G. J. Drummond, of Swaylands, Penshurst. Mr. Gordon is thought to be very clever, and likely to tread in his distinguished father's footsteps; he was, of course, called after the "G. O. M.," and may be said to have been brought up at that wonderful old statesman's knee. The news of the betrothal aroused much interest in Dublin, where Mr. Gordon spent a portion of his early childhood, and where, more recently, he has known how to make himself very popular. When the marriage takes place, Lord and Lady Aberdeen will have but one unmarried son, the Hon. Archibald Gordon. Ireland's Vice-Queen is now making a brief stay in London, in order to present her eldest son's wife, Lady Haddo, and her orphan niece, Miss Ridley, at the Court.

Germany's Chief Suffragette.

Prominent among the women fighting for woman's suffrage in Germany is Dr. Anita Augspurg, who was recently tried for libelling the police of Hamburg. Her life is nothing if not strenuous and practical. She

TO-DAY (27th) their Majesties, in great state, open the New Sessions House—a polite euphemism for the Old Bailey. Few people are aware of how great and unaffected is the King's personal interest in the law. From early boyhood he has followed every phase of each great *cause célèbre*, and that not only in England but in France; and those famous lawyers who have had the honour of the Sovereign's

has built herself a beautiful house in the Isarthal, in Bavaria, and there she indulges her passion for gardening, riding, and breaking-in horses. She is feared by her opponents as she is loved by her friends and followers and idolised by the people.



A STAMP FOR SUFFRAGETTES.

This stamp is used on all communications sent out by the German Women's Suffrage Society. It shows a woman holding aloft broken fetters, while behind her the sun rises.

The Kaiser's Very Latest Order.

It has generally been stated that the Order of Malta, which was conferred on the Kaiser a few days ago, is a Roman Catholic Order, and many people have asked if it is possible that a Protestant Sovereign should receive it. But besides the Roman Catholic branch of the Order, there are two Protestant branches—one established by Henry VIII. in England, and the other founded in Prussia in 1810. It is this latter which has conferred the title of Bailiff on the Kaiser.

There is also an Orthodox branch of the Order in Russia, and all three of these have relations with the Roman Catholic branch,

A PEER WHO HAS MADE A BREAK OF NEARLY 2000: EARL DE GREY.

Earl de Grey has twice made nearly 1000 consecutive cannons at billiards, by means of the famous "cradle" stroke made popular by Lovejoy. Lord de Grey's rate of scoring by this stroke is about 50 cannons a minute.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

which, of course, is the parent. In addition, there is a curious offshoot in England—namely, a subsidiary Roman Catholic branch, which was founded in England in 1875 by Lord Ashburnham.

From Montmartre to the Academy

There is real romance in the election of Maurice Donnay to a fauteuil in the famous Academy of the Forty. Fifteen years ago, the new Academician was an artiste in a *boîte* at Montmartre. Here each evening he recited scathing verse about men and things. They were really very clever and had a great vogue. One day they were listened to by an enterprising theatrical manager, who on the spot engaged the young poet to write him a play. The work was a success, and from that day the young man, in the old-fashioned phrase, "never looked back." Perhaps he did not look quite as far as the gilded cupola of the Institute, but at any rate he has got there, and has constituted something of a record. His plays are always bright and full of original ideas. His life in Montmartre has given him a deep insight into human nature, and yet, on the top of that, he has superimposed a great deal of literary refinement, so that his work is acceptable to the most delicate ears. It is his fashion of saying rather saucy things in a nice way that has given him his reputation with society, which likes to be gently scandalised. Donnay, however, surrounded by the patriarchs of learning, will have to be very serious.



A HOUSE BUILT BY A SUFFRAGETTE: THE "RETREAT" CONSTRUCTED BY DR. ANITA AUGSPURG FOR HER OWN USE.

Photograph by Cttmar Zieher.



THE LEADER OF THE GERMAN SUFFRAGETTES: DR. ANITA AUGSPURG.

Dr. Anita Augspurg is one of the most prominent of Germany's women suffragists. She was tried recently on a charge of having libelled the police of Hamburg.

Photograph by Elvira.

A PUZZLE FOR THE ARCHÆOLOGIST OF A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE :

TOMBS IN THE CEMETERY FOR DOGS ON AN ISLAND IN THE SEINE.



On an island in the Seine is La Nécropole Zoologique, which was founded by M. Georges Harmois, a French philanthropist and lover of animals, and supported by Emile Zola among others. Our centre photograph shows a little mortuary in which the dead animals await burial. The cemetery is not confined to dogs alone. The photograph in the right-hand corner of our page shows the burial-place of a cat, while the two smallest photographs are of the cages that mark the graves of dead birds. It will be noted that many of the memorials are most elaborate. The tombs, or what remains of them, should provide the archæologists of a thousand years hence with material for many a discussion.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Masked Honours.

The presence of the First Lord of the Admiralty at Weymouth to-morrow for the opening of the new Sailors' Home is unlikely to cause confusion among the battle-ships which will be lying near. Had it been Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the case might have been different. When the regulations as to the firing of salutes were framed, it was never dreamed that a Prime Minister would want to go afloat. When Gladstone, staying at Dover as the guest of the Lord Warden, decided to pay a visit to a man-of-war, great was the dismay of the senior officer, for the code told him nothing as to what official recognition should be extended to the first Minister of the Crown. Happily, he found that the Lord Warden is entitled to a salute of nineteen guns. So, as Gladstone made his way to the battle-ship, yards were manned and the guns blazed away right merrily. It was not for him, though he innocently took the salute as for himself and gravely acknowledged it, but for the man whom he had appointed and whose guest he then was.

A Startling Discovery.

The triple epitaph chosen by the late Lady Florence Chetwynd escapes liability to criticism such as some recent ones have aroused. Last year a Buckinghamshire Burial Board refused a widower permission to inscribe upon his dead wife's tombstone Tennyson's fine line, "God's finger touched her and she slept"—because neither he nor they knew the name of the author. Another body as learned boggled at the first verse of "Crossing the Bar." Said one of the Board, "That's what I calls doggery." The others endorsed this learned dictum, and the epitaph was declared inadmissible. If Tennyson could but have heard the comment! He considered the epitaph which he wrote on Sir John Franklin to be his best. Next in favour with him was that which he wrote, at the request of Archdeacon Farrar, for Caxton, when the printers of London placed their window in St. Margaret's to the memory of the English father of their craft.

Faithful unto Death.

The visit of the King and Queen to the City to-day is one of the occasions when those responsible for the safety and comfort of their Majesties "rise up early and late take rest." The care and responsibility are shared by more than the recognised guardians of the peace, and are bravely borne. Self-sacrifice is demanded of others than their Majesties. When M. Brunnow represented Russia at the Court of St. James's, a visitor called to inquire after the health of the Ambassador's wife, and was answered by the servant: "I am sorry

to say that she will never be any better." Later the visitor was able to see the Ambassador, and to repeat with sympathy what the man had said to him. "Oh, the faithfulness of these English servants!" exclaimed Brunnow. Madame Brunnow, he went on to explain, had died three days earlier, but the servants knew that it was not convenient that the fact should be announced until after the impending reception of the Duke of Edinburgh. Until then, for inquirers, the deceased lady had to be only very ill.

Niagara Receding.

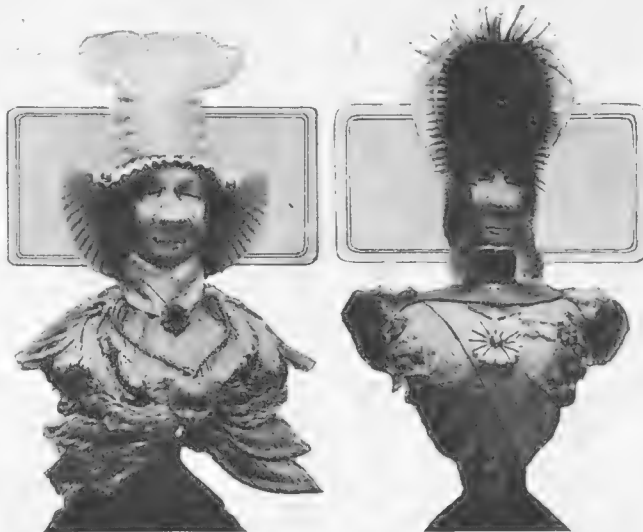
The public memory is very short, or there would not have been so much surprise the other day when news came over the cables that Niagara is receding.

It has been receding ever since industrial companies first began to tap its waters. Unless the conditions vary a good deal this year from those which have become characteristic, one should be able to skip dry-shod across the Falls next month. Nearly every spring, owing to these tappings above the Falls, the general level has been so modified that the ice from Lake Erie, not finding water enough to float it, has run aground. Here it piles, heap upon heap, so that for a time the fall entirely ceases on the American side. At such a time George Augustus Sala would have found it difficult to dismiss the Falls in a line, as he did when asked by an American newspaper to write his impressions of the phenomenon. He discoursed about the beauties of the route and of a thousand and one things interesting to himself but as remote from the Falls as from the Poles, and ended up with the remark, "By the way, there are some fine natural water-works in the neighbourhood."

An Illustrious Trinity.

The Cambridge undergraduate who is said more or less successfully to have masqueraded as Mr. Keir Hardie had better fortune than some men who have sought to make it plain that they were merely

themselves. An experience in point was that of Thackeray, Dickens, and Millais, who strolled together into a park where some amateur artists were sketching. "Your perspective is a little bit wrong," said Millais to one of them, and at once accepted an invitation to put it right. "Who's your friend?" asked the man who had been helped, as the painter passed on. "Millais," answered Thackeray. "Who's he?" asked the artist of Dickens, as Thackeray followed Millais. He was duly informed. "And who are you, then?" was the next question. "I? Oh, I'm Charles Dickens," was the answer. "Really," said the amateur. "Now I wonder who you think I am?" And with that he clapped his fingers to his nose as a defiant schoolboy might.



A WOMAN OF NORMANDY.

AN ENGLISH MAJOR.



A HOSPODAR. A WOMAN OF THE MIDDLE AGES. A DIFFICULT CUSTOMER. A KNIGHT OF MALTA.

CHESTNUT CARICATURES: GROTESQUE FIGURES MADE OF CHESTNUTS, EXHIBITED AT THE VOLNEY CLUB.

The grotesque figures shown were recently exhibited at the Volney Club, and are the work of MM. Dufour and Lionel le Couteux. Chestnuts form a considerable part of them, but many other things went to their making. The helmet of the Knight of Malta, for instance, is a tinfoil bottle-capsule. The English major has a thistle as headdress, and two flowers for his epaulettes. The Normandy peasant has as headdress the tail of a cray-fish. The woman of the Middle Ages wears a bodice made of the feathers of a humming-bird, and her headdress is ornamented with the wings of a grasshopper.

A POINTED ARGUMENT.



ANGRY SCOT: Look here, Mr. O'Brien! I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ANYONE who expects to recognise or identify a special portrait of Napoleon in Mr. Hare's eagerly anticipated representation of the "Corsican Upstart" will be grievously disappointed. Unlike the custom of many actors, who use one particular portrait of an historical personage as a guide to the modelling of their stage make-up, Mr. Hare has determined to

endeavour to arrive at, and therefore present, a general impression of the man. In order to make the representation still more accurate Mr. Hare has studied a good many of the books bearing on the personal characteristics of Napoleon, for it is with them rather than with the historic events of his career that the actor is called upon to deal.

It is well that this is so, for the Napoleonic literature is an exceedingly large one, and the number of entries under his name in the catalogue of

the French artists was the ready help they were always willing to give one at rehearsals, so that they made the preparation of the play quite a delight. Another thing which I noticed was their enthusiasm about the English actors who appeared. They were greatly excited, for instance, by Mr. Waller's recitation and his beautiful voice. At the same time, they were full of admiration for the cleanliness and brightness of our English theatres, and for the substitution of girls for distributing the programmes instead of the old women to whom they are accustomed in Paris. Altogether, I found it a delightful experience, though I had never acted in French before."

It is an interesting fact that the French actors who were concerned in that *matinée* were heard to deplore the fact that they have so few opportunities for getting to know their English comrades in art, and they expressed the desire that the circumstances making for closer relationship and more frequent intercourse might be forthcoming, thus adding the theatre to the list of the various sections of society which have manifested a desire for the extension of the *Entente Cordiale*.

So great, in Mr. Maude's opinion, was the success of "L'Anglais tel qu'on le Parle" that he is negotiating to secure the English rights, and will have it adapted for presentation at his own theatre.

On Saturday Mr. Hermann Vezin will complete his seventy-eighth year, when, as he humorously puts it, he will be at home at 10, Lancaster Place, Strand, for the receipt of presents, "cheques



MRS. JAMES WELCH, STARRING WITH HER HUSBAND: MISS AUDREY FORD, WHO IS PLAYING LADY ROWENA EGGINGTON IN "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD," AT WYNDHAM'S.

Photograph by the Stage Pictorial.

the British Museum runs into many thousands, and occupies a large number of pages. This, it must be remembered, ignores the ephemeral articles which have been appearing with constant regularity in the monthly magazines since a few years after his death.

Two exceedingly interesting "thumb-nail" conversations were had the other day by the writer of this page with Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Mr. Cyril Maude in reference to their recent interesting experiment of acting in a French play with French artists—an achievement which was pictorially represented last week. The difference between their performances was that, while Miss Carlisle had sometimes to speak in a foreign language, Mr. Maude had not, though he had to take his cues from the French. "This fact," said Mr. Maude, "made it at once easier and more difficult: easier because I was playing in the language in which I am accustomed to act; more difficult in that, if I may use the roundabout way of expressing it, I was not speaking the same language as the other actors. People are constantly talking about the difference in technique of English and French acting. I personally detected nothing which could give warrant to the assertion. The thing which struck me most was the *siffleur*. It was the first time I had ever acted on a stage with the prompter in his little hooded box behind the footlights between the actors and the audience. It was very disconcerting to have someone speaking or rather hissing at me in a strong French accent the words I was to speak the next moment as an Englishman. After the first scene, however, I got him to stop this ministration to my needs. The French actors, who were accustomed to his presence, of course found it quite natural to have their lines repeated to them before they spoke them.

The experience of Miss Carlisle, who is to play the heroine in Miss Gladys Unger's new play at the Garrick, resembled Mr. Maude's. "The great difficulty I found," she said, "was in receiving my cues in French, especially as the French actors speak so quickly in comparison with our method—or rather, they seem to speak more quickly than we do. The *siffleur* bothered me as he bothered Mr. Maude, and in deference to my request, he did not prompt me either. One thing which particularly struck me about



"THREE BLIND MICE," AT THE CRITERION: MR. FREDERICK KERR AS JULIAN SHUCKBURGH AND MISS MAY PALFREY AS MARJORIE LOVEL.

The "Three Blind Mice" of the title are the pompous, inarticulate Rawson Guest, the "Johnnyish" Peter Ricketts, and the widowed, "encumbranced" Andrew Lavender, and all hope to marry Marjorie Lovel, blind to the fact that she is in love with her guardian, Julian Shuckburgh.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

only." He will really celebrate his birthday professionally on the following Tuesday by journeying to Nottingham, where he will recite "Macbeth" without the aid of book or notes of any kind, and entirely from memory—a feat of endurance alone of which a man half his age might well be proud. A little while later he has undertaken to recite "Julius Caesar" at Rugby.

Smiles in Seven Stages.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



IV.—THE SMILE OF COMMERCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOW that Mr. George Meredith has entered his eightieth year, many of the dates of his life, though perhaps none of the feelings of his heart, must declare him venerable. Men of genius keep young hearts until they die—as Disraeli found and lamented in his own case when confiding to Lady Ely a late avowal of his attachment for Queen Victoria. Even Disraeli, however, had to keep faith with dates; and Mr. Meredith has just been reminded that “Evan Harrington” appeared with “Great Expectations”; and “Richard Feverel” with “Adam Bede,” “The Origin of Species” and the “Tale of Two Cities.” The mere names are antediluvian in their association, and luckily, they stand for landmarks not swept away by the succeeding sixty years’ flood of ink.

Sir Theodore Martin, in mere years, is the most memorable among literary survivals. The main event by which we fix his era is the publication of Coventry Patmore’s first volume of poems, and the fierce assault made on it in *Blackwood*. The authorship of this anonymous slashing criticism was kept a close secret at the time—a time when duels were neither wholly extinct nor wholly unconnected with the name of Patmore. After the lapse of sixty years it can hardly be an indiscretion to name the critic as Sir Theodore. One wonders if he has had any second thoughts on the subject, and what they are. Few people have had such opportunities to see their critical verdicts ratified or defeated by time; and he who in effect told Patmore too to go back to his gallipots, in the first half of the last century, must know by now that it is as futile to tilt against an Angel in the House as against a devil in the street—the motor-bus that evicts the non-agenarian of Onslow Square.

Another Theodore—Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton—hopes that one hundred will shortly be the normal age of man, so that the name of Theodore just now stands for strenuousness all round. Some men of letters seem to go gaily on the way to their centuries; for Professor Campbell Fraser will enter his eighty-ninth year in the autumn; and other young octogenarians are Professor Masson, Dr. Alfred Wallace, Dr. Goldwin Smith, and the evergreen Dr. Furnivall.

“This correspondence must now cease.” Is the old form of this familiar editorial fiat to give place to a new? “Further correspondence on this subject is not invited,” runs the legend at the foot of a letter in the *Athenæum*. There seems to be no reason why an editor should be more hectoring or curt in type than he is in tongue; and the new formula, if politer than the old, is no less crushing. By a single drop of ink is still to be extinguished the most hotly raging of controversial fires.

Lady Dorothy Nevill is preparing a second volume of *Récollections*, which will be published in the autumn—this time by Messrs. Macmillan. The gossip is always welcome, but the newcomer has the pull over the companion of yesterday; and Lady Dorothy must hardly expect a repetition of the astonishingly friendly greetings she got from all sorts and conditions of critics on the occasion of her first appearing. But let Lady Dorothy talk more about herself than about other people in the coming batch of memoirs, and though she may not in the result reap so golden a harvest, she will get a

little further away from the stock story and the estimate of character which, where there are so many feelings to respect, can never escape the conventional. Once on a time Lady Dorothy entered an omnibus in Oxford Street, and sat in one of its near corners. As the bus filled up, and Lady Dorothy did not notice that she might sidle up closer to the end, the conductor sternly made the request. “Go and ride in a carriage and pair of your own!” he growled, with an irony generally appreciated. Lady Dorothy alighted at Oxford Circus, where she had a tryst with her carriage, and I hope the conductor saw her strict fulfilment of that injunction of his, which I now make my own. Let Lady Dorothy in her new book leave the deliberate omnibus of her first volume and drive rather smartly in a carriage all her own.

Henley was a letter-writer. His short, virile sentences went admirably on a sheet of note-paper; and he had sense enough of his own style never to write at very great length. Mr. Charles Whibley’s projected *Life* will include much correspondence; but were it not that the *Life* is to come from a pen so approved by Henley, we should have preferred a record made in letters alone.

Mr. Frank Nicholson’s “Old German Love Songs,” translated from the Minnesingers of the twelfth to four-

teenth centuries, are well done. Being well done, they will fan into flame a literary grievance that every opera season keeps smouldering. Why should so many eyes peer through the gloom of the auditorium at Covent Garden at translations from the German which are so eminently wretched? German is merely German to so many ears attending to Wagner that translations are necessary. And translations sell in large numbers, in the crowded gallery particularly, at each performance of “Lohengrin,” of “Tristan und Isolde,” and the rest. For one shilling and sixpence the gallery-goer gets his few pages of German text and most inadequate translation, and so nearly doubles the cost of his musical evening. Having small German and getting less English, he leaves this pamphlet in the gutter on his midnight journey home. Why should he not be able to obtain something worth keeping on his library shelves—a translation, for example, such as Mr. Nicholson would give him? M. E.



THE STREET-CORNER LOUNGER: 'Ulfio, Bill. Where did yer get that coat?

BILL, HIS FRIEND: Oh, up along.

THE STREET-CORNER LOUNGER: 'Ow much was it?

BILL, HIS FRIEND: Dunno. The shopman worn't there

DRAWN BY VICTOR VERNER.

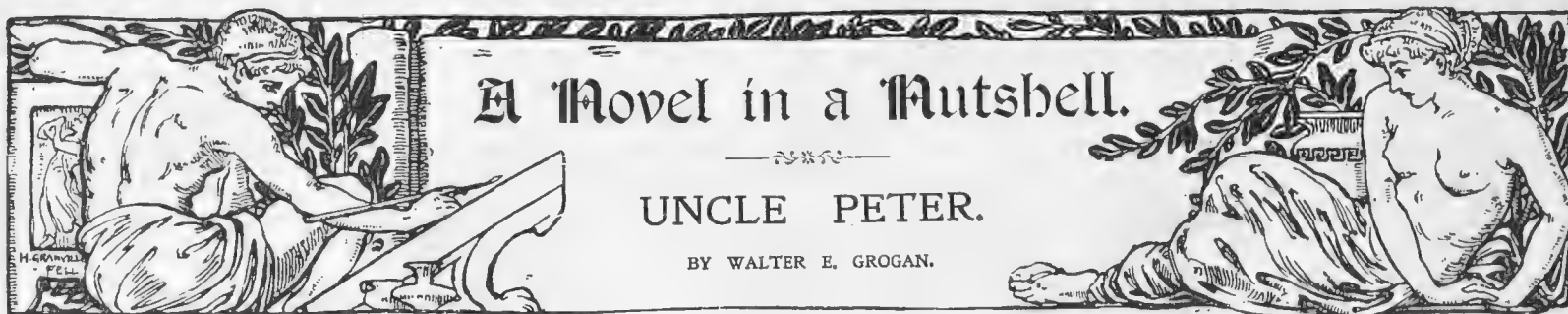
BREAKING IT GENTLY.



MR. JIGGINS: How'd you like me for your second, Mrs. Miggins?

MRS. MIGGINS: Go along with you! You might wait till I'm a widder.

MR. JIGGINS: Well, so you are. Your Bill's just been run over



MR. WILLIAM COLLEY stood in the little room behind the bar of the Stump and Harp, and spoke his mind to Lucy, his wife. It was an added grievance that old Stephen Merrin, his father-in-law, should be sitting in his, William's, arm-chair, smoking his, William's, tobacco, and drinking his, William's, whisky-and-water in the early forenoon.

"A visit's a visit," he said, "but ten month's a visitation. That's what it is—a visitation."

"Bill!" Mrs. Lucy said warningly. She was a little woman, but her husband stood in considerable awe of her. He now avoided her flashing eye and studiously addressed his conversation to the mantelpiece. Old Stephen Merrin smoked on placidly.

"But there ain't no bill," Mr. Colley said feebly, hazarding a thin laugh at his own witticism. His jocularity received no encouragement, and his laugh broke off abruptly. "That room's a sure let," he added thoughtfully. "Stubbins, who's a werry good customer to the 'ouse, wanted it. 'E's gone to the Red Dragon in consequence of not 'avin' it. The best room it be."

"Wants me to pay 'im," said old Stephen Merrin. "Me, 'is own father-in-law. That's fambly affection!"

"It's common-sense. You was welkim for a month—werry welkim. But ten months is nine too much."

"Bill, 'ow dare you!" Mrs. Lucy broke in wrathfully. "Isn't 'e my father? Didn't 'e give us a dinner-set when we was married?"

"An' a werry dear one it were to us, Lucy."

"Let me go," old Stephen said solemnly, but making no effort to rise. "'E wants to separate father and daughter. Let me go. Unnatural, I calls it. Begrudin' me me vittles an' me bed an' me drop o' whisky-an'-water. Don't let me come between you. I'd better go."

"Sit where you are, father," commanded Mrs. Lucy. Old Stephen obeyed. "Bill, you've gone too far. You've 'urt father's feelings." The old man drew out a large red pocket-handkerchief and applied it to his eyes at the hint. "Look at 'im, look at 'im! 'Ow you can 'ave the 'eart to 'urt 'im beats me. You're 'ard an' unfeelin', that's what you are! An' this is what your love comes to—an' we only married a year! Oh, Bill!"

"If my Uncle Peter—" commenced Mr. Colley.

"You and your Uncle Peter!" said Mrs. Colley, with a sniff.

"Well, old Uncle George, 'im as left me this 'ouse, set it down in 'is will as it was to go to Uncle Peter if e' ever comed back from Australey. I was to 'old it till 'e comed back, and then I was to 'ave it over in tenantable repair. If 'e comed, there'd be no best room for your father."

"'E's dead; ain't bin 'eard of for thirty year—if there ever was a Uncle Peter."

"If there ever was! 'E was my own mother's own brother! It's sacrilege to disbelieve it—'orrible sacrilege!"

"'E dranked 'imself to death most likely."

"At 'is own expense then," said Mr. Colley darkly, looking at old Stephen so savagely that, caught in the act of drinking, the old man nearly choked.

"Get out of the 'ouse, Bill, out of the 'ouse, or I shall say things you won't like! To treat pore father so! It's cruel, in'uman. There, father, take no notice of 'im." The old man, gasping and wiping his eyes, murmured "'Is own father-in-law!" repeatedly. Mrs. Colley, flushed and furious of aspect, advanced towards her husband.

"I wish to goodness Uncle Peter would come!" Mr. Colley shouted, and then fled to escape the torrent of wrath which he saw was in the making.

An hour later William Colley, brooding over his wrongs, met a tramp on the high road a mile beyond the village of Pachet. The tramp was grey, and apparently somewhere near sixty years of age. William eyed him moodily, then suddenly his face cleared. The man was remarkably sunburnt.

"What's your name, mate?" William demanded.

"Jim Brooks," the tramp replied.

"No, it isn't," said William. "It's Uncle Peter, Mr. Peter Pimbleton."

The tramp looked at him enviously.

"Bin drinkin'?" he asked.

"No," William answered; "though what I've got to put up with is enough to drive me to it. Look 'ere, Mister, do you want free lodgings?"

The old tramp looked behind him fearfully. There was no one in sight but an old stone-breaker. Reassured, he became truculent. "Wot 'ave you got agen me?" he demanded.

"Free lodging in my 'ouse, with food and drink?" William proceeded, unheeding the tramp's interruption or his altered manner.

"Ow! That's different. I thought you was a Guardian and recommending going into the 'ouse." That was not quite the case, but a gentleman traveller has to be careful of casual acquaintances. "I'm social, and you'll find me pretty fair at a bit of 'armony."

"Tisn't that. What I want is for you to change your name."

"Well, I can get used to most any," the tramp answered accommodatingly.

It was quite late when William Colley returned to the "Stump and Harp." He went round to the back door, moved cautiously along the passage, and peeped into the private parlour. In an arm-chair by the fire sat the tramp, with a tumbler beside his elbow and a big cigar in his mouth. William noticed with dismay the stumps of two others in an ash-tray. Mrs. Colley sat on the other side of the fire, smiling at the tramp.

"Shag," mused William; "that's what I agreed with him, not cigars. An' beer an' gin in moderation, with food an' lodging and a bob a day. I shall 'ave to speak to 'im. But, thank goodness, Lucy's believed 'im!"

He hung about for a while, until Lucy, coming out to look after the maid who was attending to the public and private bars—two halves of a whole partitioned, and with wooden easy chairs on one side and benches on the other—ran into him.

"Sakes alive!" Lucy cried. "That you, Will'um?" In moments of solemnity she called her husband "Will'um." "Come into the yard; I've something to say to you."

"I've bin thinkin' things over a bit, Lucy," he said humbly. "I see as I was in the wrong. Where's father?—I want to 'pologise to 'im."

"Father's gone this five hour—gone to Bessie's. She'll 'ave 'is little bit when 'e's gone now, but that can't be 'elped. The most 'straordinary thing 'as 'appened."

"So I should say, father bein' gone."

"Come into the back yard. 'E can't 'ear us there. No one can 'ear us there."

"Who?"

"Your Uncle Peter."

"What? My Uncle——!" he exclaimed, in loud astonishment. His wife closed his mouth with her hand promptly and with some vigour.

"Ssh!" she hissed. "Don't speak!"

He followed her grumblingly into the darkness of the yard. The vigour with which she had checked his speech hurt him.

"What you wished for 'as come to pass. Your Uncle Peter 'as come 'ome."

"Then the 'ouse ain't ours?"

"Of course, if you're a fool, which you always was. . . 'Twas lucky I was 'ome and not you. 'E knows nothin' about the will—nothin'. I found that out quickly. 'E took it kindly that I turned father out—quite pleased about it 'e was. Father wasn't—but that can't be 'elped. I thought father would 'ave told 'im, but 'e didn't."

"That was kind of father," William said.

"Yes, it was. I told 'im that Uncle Peter would want the score settled if 'e stayed, and that Bessie was soft-'earted. Besides, father reckons on our givin' 'm a bottle now and then."

"Eh?" William spoke apprehensively. "But Uncle Peter'll learn about the will in the village."

"If 'e goes there. We must keep 'im in the private parlour as much as we can until we get 'im away."

"We must get 'im away, that stands to reason. But 'ow?" William was persuaded that he was acting with extreme diplomacy.

"You leave it to me, Will'um. I expect I shall manage this better than you." It was nearly dark, and William was unable to see his wife's face, but it struck him that her voice was curiously hoarse, and that the extraordinary guttural noise she made might have been a chuckle.

"Are you laughing, Lucy?" he demanded.

"Laughing? I've got a cold, if that's what you mean, fussin' over your precious Uncle Peter! Not that 'e ain't grateful."

[Continued overleaf.]

COURT CIRCULAR.



LITTLE JIM: See that light up there in Buckingham Pallidge? 'Spects that's the King, sittin' up late, sendin' off 'is invitations.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A kindly, affectionate old man—kissed me quite warmly when 'e knew I was married to you and so was 'is niece by marriage."

"What!" exclaimed the outraged William. "Kissed you—a strange man, an' you my wife!"

"A strange man! Why, 'e's your Uncle Peter! What are you dreaming of?" There was considerable surprise in her tone.

"My Uncle Peter, of course," he said lamely. "It's so strange and sudden I can't quite get to believe it all at once."

"No," acquiesced Mrs. Colley, "neither could I at first. But I've come to understand it now." She choked again hoarsely.

"Your cold is werry bad, Lucy," William said.

That evening Uncle Peter, sitting beside the fire, closer to Mrs. Colley than William exactly liked, and smoking a very big cigar—William had substituted others which were bigger and cost less for those his wife had given—spoke to his nephew.

"So you're my nevvv, Will'um," he said, blinking at the fire. "It's a strange world."

"I don't see no fam'ly resemblance," Mrs. Colley commented.

"I 'ope not, my dear," Uncle Peter answered. "I ain't vain, but I 'ope not. No offence, Will'um—you can't 'elp your looks. If you could you wouldn't 'ave 'ad 'em. Now, what I wants to say," he continued hastily, not altogether liking the expression in his nephew's face, "is this. There's some people with long mem'ries. Your dear Lucy 'as bin' remindin' me of some things I did afore I went to Australey twenty years ago—"

"Thirty, uncle," interjected Lucy.

"Yes, I said thirty, my dear. Old Gray 'asn't got over the ten pounds I borrowed of 'im, so it seems."

"That is Jarvis, uncle. Old Gray only wants to thrash you about the way you treated his sister."

"I said Jarvis, my dear. Think of their rememberin' all those old things! Un-Christian village, I calls it. Well, my dears, while I stay with you—and I 'ave taken that fancy to you I don't know 'ow long that'll be—I want you to promise not to give your uncle away."

"That would be a difficult job!" said William savagely.

"To go and say such a thing to uncle! Bill, I'm ashamed of you!" Lucy rose, and leaning over the older man, kissed him on the forehead. William bit his lip and groaned inwardly.

"I don't mind 'im, Lucy dear," said Uncle Peter. "Rudeness comes nateral to some folk. What I mean is, you're to call me Mister Brooks afore people, and don't let on as I'm your uncle. You can make me out a customer. I don't want to be rakin' up unpleasant mem'ries. You'll promise to tell no one as I'm your uncle?"

It was remarkable how fervently they promised him. Uncle Peter winked at William when Lucy was looking away, and Lucy had a bad fit of coughing.

At the end of a week, William Colley commenced to regret the absence of his father-in-law. His wife was far too attentive to Uncle Peter. Her husband's wishes weighed nothing against those of his uncle; his uncle's thirst was prodigious, and his consumption of cigars excessive. He remonstrated with his wife once.

"Too attentive, Will'um?" she said. "To your old uncle? Nonsense! He's an affectionate old man, and I've got to like 'im. Besides, my conscience ain't easy. We're wronging 'im, that's a fact. This 'ouse should be 'is, and we're taking advantage of 'is ignorance. Oh, I'll get rid of 'im one day—I'll manage it better nor you; but now I can't begrudge 'im 'is whisky and cigars! After all, it's a comfort to me to be doin' 'im better than we did father. 'E's your side o' the fam'ly, and it shows I ain't all for my own."

In ten days William, goaded to desperation, told Uncle Peter to go.

"Turn me out after I've done it so well? Oh, Will'um, Will'um, I'm disappointed in you!" Uncle Peter replied. "I shan't go. I'm your uncle, and I shall remain your uncle. It suits me to live 'ere nice an' quiet an' in the 'andsome way you do me. An' I like Lucy. She's an affectionate woman, far too good for you, Will'um. But she 'as a spirit. I don't think she'd like to be 'ad, Will'um, an' I don't think I should like to be the party she 'found out a-deceiving of 'er. An', what's more, you wouldn't like it either. But if I go, I'll undeceive 'er—me not 'avin' the 'eart to let 'er go on trustin' in one as is a white-washed sepulchur."

William Colley, thinking it over in much perturbation of spirit, was inclined to think with his Uncle Peter that he would not like to be found out. Lucy might not appreciate his ingenuity.

For three days William Colley went heavily. Cudgel his brains as he would, he could see no way of escape from the awful incubus he had settled upon his own shoulders except by way of full confession to his wife. And that was a way from which he shrank. He had lived with Lucy a year, and was fully aware of the possibilities of her tongue. Yet day by day Uncle Peter, seeing him cowed, grew more and more intolerable.

On the fourth evening William entered the Stump and Harp with a lighter step than had been his since the second day of Uncle Peter's coming. In the passage he paused before entering the private room in order to chuckle.

"Shut the door, nevvv," was Uncle Peter's greeting. "When I was young we was taught manners. Your mother Sairey she never could learn. You seem to 'ave took after 'er."

"I'm sorry, uncle," William said dutifully, and sitting down near the lamp, spread a newspaper out on the table in a solemn manner.

"Lucy, my dear," said Uncle Peter, "reach me another of them cigars."

"It ought to be shag," remonstrated William from the table.

"To your mother's own brother—oh, nevvv!" said Uncle Peter reproachfully. "Lucy never begrudges me. There, and now a light and a kiss, me dear."

"Oh," cried William suddenly. "'Ere's a rum start—'ere in this newspaper! A-advertisin' for one James Brooks, who'll 'ear of something to 'is advantage! James Brooks, uncle!"

"I 'ear. I ain't deaf."

"But James Brooks!" William's voice grew in a crescendo of excitement.

"Well—nice for James Brooks, whoever 'e may be," commented Uncle Peter. "That is, if 'e can read. I can't. I forgot it all in Australey."

"It is strange, uncle," said Lucy wonderingly. "Why, didn't we agree to call you Mr. James Brooks so as they shouldn't know you in the village?"

"Eh? So you did. Well, the name ain't mine—so it don't matter." William looked up startled to catch Uncle Peter grinning at him behind Lucy's back. "I've bin known by a lot of names, nevvv, but I like Uncle Peter the best. Now I come to think of it, blest if I didn't give the name of Brooks once afore instead of my real one. That's curious, ain't it? Feelin' queer, nevvv?—you look a bit shaken."

"It's the 'eat," William answered weakly. He fell back limply in his chair and groaned inwardly. He had been mightily tickled with the idea of ridding himself of his guest, who he knew could not read, by sending him off to a distant town in search of a fictitious firm of solicitors. And the name the man had given him was false.

Lucy looked from her husband to Uncle Peter, who sat chuckling in his chair, and back again. Then she smiled.

"You never go out, uncle," she said suddenly. "It's bad for your 'ealth."

"They might recognise me—old Gray or Jarvis. I'm feared to go out."

"Oh, they wouldn't recognise you after thirty years," Lucy reassured him.

"Someone might," Uncle Peter declared—it appeared to Lucy a little apprehensively. "Besides, I feel the cold after Australey."

"You can wrap up," Lucy persisted. "Bill will lend you a coat. You see, a great friend of ours is coming for a day or so, and when me and Bill is busy you'll 'ave to take 'im out."

"A friend—" commenced William, in some amazement. Receiving a sharp admonitory kick surreptitiously from his wife, he lapsed into silence.

"Who is 'e? Why did you ask 'im? We're very 'appy as we are," grumbled Uncle Peter. "I'm sure I don't want no one 'ere spoilin' the 'armony of a fam'ly party. But I've taken to you; an' as for Will'um, I don't mind 'im no more nor a graven image. Can't you put 'im off?" He appeared hurt and rather ill at ease.

"No; I can't put 'im off." Lucy became aware suddenly of her husband's open-mouthed attention. Astonishment glared from his weak blue eyes. "Run, Bill, to the bar. There's the maid callin'."

"I didn't 'ear no call, Lucy," William remonstrated; "an' as for your friend—"

"Run at once, Bill," Lucy said, with peculiar distinctness.

William rose heavily and went out.

"Bill," explained Lucy, "doesn't like 'im."

"Then don't go agen your 'usband, Lucy, don't," Uncle Peter said earnestly.

"It's only 'is foolishness. We conduct the 'ouse as it should be, an' we've nothin' to fear."

"Why, oo—oo is it?" Uncle Peter demanded, with rather a shaking voice.

"A friend of ours in the police—a sergeant," Lucy said proudly. "'E may come to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed Uncle Peter. "That's—that's 'urrying things. Don't you let me keep you from your good 'usband. I—I think I'll finish this in the open air; it's—it's got a bit 'ot 'ere." He examined his cigar minutely, blew a great breath, and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"All right, Uncle Peter," Lucy said, going to the door as she heard sounds of William's returning; "but take care, as you've just come from Australey."

When William returned with his wife, about a quarter of an hour later, there was no sign of Uncle Peter.

"Why," William cried, "where's Uncle Peter?"

"I think, Bill," Lucy said softly, "'e's gone where 'e came from. And that was Australey, wasn't it? Oh, you silly! Do you think I was took in with your Uncle Peter? At least," she corrected herself hastily, "not after father went. I saw 'e was in 'idin'—never goin' out—so I just suggested a friend of ours, a police-sergeant, was comin'. An' 'e's gone. I'm glad, for it's bin a bit wearin' keepin' an eye on 'im. But it's taught you a lesson, Will'um, I hope."

"It 'as, it 'as!" William cried penitently. "We'll 'ave father back."

"No," answered his wife, slowly and thoughtfully. "I should never be sure of 'is will after turnin' 'im out to go to Bessie's. No, on the whole, I don't think we'll 'ave father back."

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE present year will see some exceptionally pretty and well-born débutantes enjoying their first season; and though the ranks of the bachelor elder sons have become much thinned of late, there are some notable additions to the great *partis*. In the Court world special interest is taken in the début of Miss Rhoda Astley, Lord Hastings' pretty sister, whose presentation last season was postponed owing to the tragic death of her schoolgirl sister, Miss Bridget Astley, in Paris. The Queen is very fond of Miss Astley, and has known her from her birth. The Duchess of Connaught's pretty god-daughter, Miss Louise Pamela Fitzgerald, is yet another débutante well known to the Court; her parents, the Knight of Kerry and Lady Fitzgerald, often entertain the King in their delightful quarters at Newmarket. Lady Fitzgerald has taken a house in Grosvenor Square, where she has already begun giving informal dances in honour of her daughter's début. Yet a third "royal" débutante is Miss Louvima Knollys, who—as all the world knows—owes her quaint name to the fact that it is formed from those of their Majesties' three daughters. Miss



PLEADING THE CAUSE OF THE SUFFRAGETTES
IN AMERICA: LADY COOK.

Lady Cook, an ardent supporter of the London Suffragettes, recently arrived in New York, there to plead woman's cause. Lady Cook was formerly Miss Tennessee Claflin, a noted American beauty.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

Knollys is highly accomplished, and both the King and Queen are exceedingly fond of her. A famous name is recalled by that of the youthful Lady Dorothy Walpole, who has inherited her aunt, Lady Dorothy Nevill's, originality and literary gift; she is an only child, and, through her mother, half-American. As to the bachelors who are likely to be in much request at all the "very young" entertainments, there may be specially singled out for mention Lord Cochrane, who has only just come of age, and Mr. Neil Primrose, who, in a monetary sense, has entered into his kingdom while still in earliest youth, owing to the large fortune left him by his great-aunt, the late Miss Cohen.

A Noted American
Racing Hostess.

A beautiful and interesting American hostess, who is likely shortly to make her social début in the great English racing world, is Mrs. James G. Haggin, of New York and Kentucky. Her husband is one of the best known personalities on the American Turf, and he is believed to have more horses in training than any other racehorse-owner in the world. American sportsmen are grateful to Mr. Haggin for having so far remained faithful to the racecourses of his own country; he has given firm, consistent support to American sport, but, as has proved to be the case with Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Haggin doubtless feels

the time has come to try fresh woods and pastures new. Mrs. Haggin, interested as she is in her husband's special hobby, has yet all the originality and social ambitions of the Transatlantic millionaire's wife, and she should prove a great addition to the Anglo-American set. The Haggin millions, by the way, owe their being to the fact that Mr. Haggin bought the original interest of Marcu Daly in the Anaconda Copper Company.

Influenza
in 1414.

Those who think that the influenza is a modern illness may be recommended to read the following extract from the records of the old French Parliament, which shows that our ancestors suffered from the disease just as much as we do. The entry is dated 1414, and is written in queer old French, which being translated, runs as follows: "On Monday, March 5th, there were neither pleadings, nor barristers, nor judge, nor parties to the suit in the palace, on account of a very grave malady which is all over Paris, by which the head and all the members are in pain, and suffer from a very grievous rheum. And among the rest I too slept not all this night, and could not contain myself for the pain in my head, reins, sides, shoulders, and legs."

It is evident that the influenza must have been very bad if it could put a stop to the sittings of the law-courts.



A NOTED AMERICAN RACING HOSTESS:
MRS. JAMES G. HAGGIN, OF NEW YORK.

Mrs. Haggin is likely to make her social début in the English racing world shortly. Her husband is believed to have more horses in training than any other racehorse-owner in the world.

Photograph by Campbell Studio

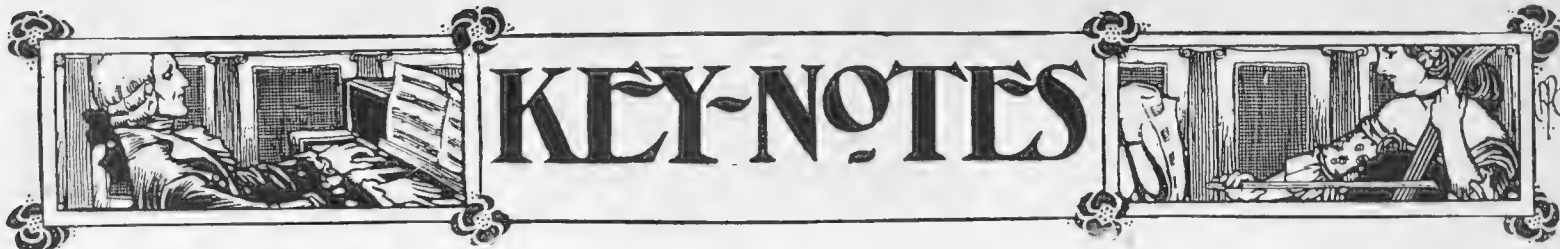


MARRIED IN A TREE: THE ENORMOUS CEDAR IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER,
IN WHICH A WEDDING CEREMONY WAS RECENTLY PERFORMED.

The cedar is 51 feet in circumference, and 260 feet high. It is one of the regular show places of Vancouver. Tea and luncheon parties are frequently held within its trunk, and there, too, as we have already remarked, a wedding ceremony was recently held.—[Photograph by Halfones, Limited]

Soothsayers of
Paris.

given over to spiritualism. There never were such times for the card-readers, the candle-gazers, and the hand-decipherers. The latest triumph in cheiromancy is the reading of the hand of a murderer. Madame de Thèbes, the celebrated soothsayer, was consulted on the point. She was shown photographs of the hand of the criminal, and she found them very bad, very bad indeed. It seems a little unkind to suggest that she was late in the day, that we can all be cheiromancers after the event. Nevertheless, Madame de Thèbes dropped a pearl of wisdom when she said that mothers of families ought to understand the art of reading hands, so that when the young man claimed the hand of her daughter, she would know might go further. The eligible young man should certainly be able to interpret the lines of the palm. In that way he could avoid matrimonial disaster by ascertaining whether the lady's temperament were stronger than her head-line, or whether the line of heart suggested complications and promiscuous flirtations.



THE unfortunate close of the German Opera Season has excited endless comment in musical circles, and as a large proportion of the stories in circulation are ill-founded, it may be well to set down a few facts. In the first place it should be remembered that the Grand Opera Syndicate, which gives us the Spring Season, and is responsible in part for our Autumn Opera, was not interested financially in the German Season, which was financed by some enthusiastic lovers of music. The contracts were made with the idea of securing the best available talent, rather than with the intention of getting the finest singers and conductors on the most reasonable terms. Herr Arthur Nikisch, who conducted four performances, received a fee of five hundred pounds, and the contracts with many of the smaller artists were entered into with the same princely disregard of the laws of supply and demand. In order for the venture to be successful at the prices charged to the public for admission, it would have been necessary for the house to be full for every performance. The public response was very good, but it could not do everything, and the first four weeks resulted in a loss running into the neighbourhood of four or five thousand pounds. Seeing how well all the performers were paid, this was not surprising, nor was it altogether unsatisfactory, for the syndicate was doing pioneer work, and doing it generously and well, on behalf of people who have not learned to look for Grand Opera in January.

In a mistaken effort to save the financial situation, arrangements were made hurriedly to prolong the season for another fortnight,

but at the end of the first week of the extension it was found necessary to close the house. Mr. Ernest Van Dyck, who had handled the season on the artistic side with great ability, was much hampered by the stress and strain of double duty. He could not fill the rôles of general manager and artistic director; it would be hard to find the man who could. Some singers disappointed him, others fell ill; the members of the London Symphony Orchestra had long-standing engagements that kept them from bringing their full strength to Covent Garden, and the bad weather helped materially to reduce public support. Mr. Van Dyck was called away to the Continent soon after the season's premature close, and when the curtain fell last Saturday week a considerable sum of money was owing to musicians and singers for services rendered or contracts unexpired. At the time of writing the future of these debts is very uncertain.

Under more rigorous and economical management there is

visit, and if the Grand Opera Syndicate will be wholly or even partly responsible for next year's venture, the confidence of artists and public will be restored. The German Syndicate has conferred a benefit upon musical London, and one can but hope that it will see its way to discharge all undisputed liabilities. One and all will sympathise with the friends and relations of the singers who met their death in the disaster at the Hook of Holland last week as they were returning home from their hard work at Covent Garden.

There will be no festival at Bayreuth this year, and English amateurs will be prompt to avail themselves of the festival performances at Covent Garden. These will consist of two complete cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and two performances of "Die Meistersinger," all under the safe and brilliant direction of Dr. Richter. The season will open on Tuesday, April 30, with the "Rheingold," and as all the operas are to be given without cuts, the long ones will begin at five o'clock in the afternoon, and, in the case of the "Götterdämmerung," at half-past four. There will be no dress restrictions save in regard to ladies' hats, and these must be removed. So irrevocable is the determination of the management in this regard that the author of the notice sent out to the Press has split an infinitive by way of additional emphasis. Seeing that the circular deals with Wagnerian music, this split infinitive has, of course, a symbolical meaning. Just as one part of the verb is separated forcibly from its component, so ladies will be separated, if necessary, from their headgear. Mere men who take an interest in the procedure on the stage will rejoice exceedingly because of this edict.

The eighth concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, given on the 18th at the Queen's Hall, under Dr. Richter, was full of interest. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony received a very spirited reading; indeed, there were moments in the final movement when the pace seemed a little too spirited for the clear rendering of some subtle points of scoring. Smetana's tone-poem "Vltava" improves upon acquaintance, though one would hesitate to rank it among the masterpieces of its class. It was played with exquisite delicacy and appreciation. Mischa Elman was the soloist, and played the Brahms Concerto, which Joachim introduced to London nearly thirty years ago. Save for a slight slip at the opening of the rather otiose second movement, Elman played the difficult work faultlessly, and with wonderful beauty of tone. A longer and less grateful task awaited him when he presented a new violin suite by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, a work written for the Musicians' Company, and given to the public for the first time. Like all the composer's music, it is written with intimate knowledge of violin and orchestra, but it is very long, very diffuse, and strangely uninteresting. The audience responded generously, but it seems unlikely that the complete suite will be heard very often. The ruthless application of a blue pencil to the apparently endless repetitions is needed to save and shorten the work. As it stands at present all Sir Alexander Mackenzie's skill in composition cannot atone for the poverty of the thematic material.—COMMON CHORD.



PLAYING MISS RUTH VINCENT'S PART IN "AMASIS" ON TOUR: MISS CONSTANCE DREVER, THE NEW AMASIS.

"Amasis" started on its suburban and provincial tour the other day. Miss Constance Drever, who a few years ago made so considerable a success in "The Princess of Kensington," is the Amasis. It may be noted, by the way, that Miss Drever is the daughter of a former Commissioner of Police in Madras, where she was born, and her two brothers hold commissions in the Madras Infantry. She is the wife of Mr. Frank Boor.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

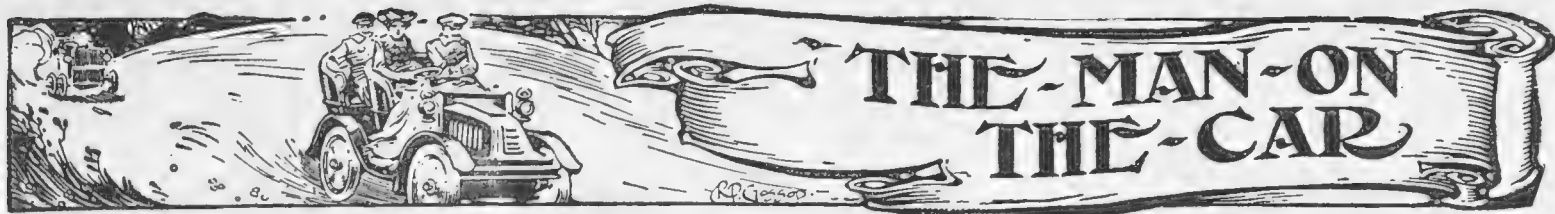
plenty of room for a winter season of German opera; indeed, arrangements for next year are already in the making. Many singers have established a reputation in London by their recent



"THE MOST ATTRACTIVE TURN IN VAUDEVILLE": MISS MARGARET COOPER, WHO IS GIVING HER MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE PALACE.

Miss Margaret Cooper, who is giving her latest success, "Waltz Me Round Again, Willie," at the Palace, is advertised as "the most attractive turn in vaudeville." Her popularity is very great.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



A PROPOSED MOTOR-TRACK AT SELSEY-ON-SEA—A GOOD LOW-PRICED LITTLE CAR: THE ACME OF SIMPLICITY—MOTOR AND HORSE STATISTICS:

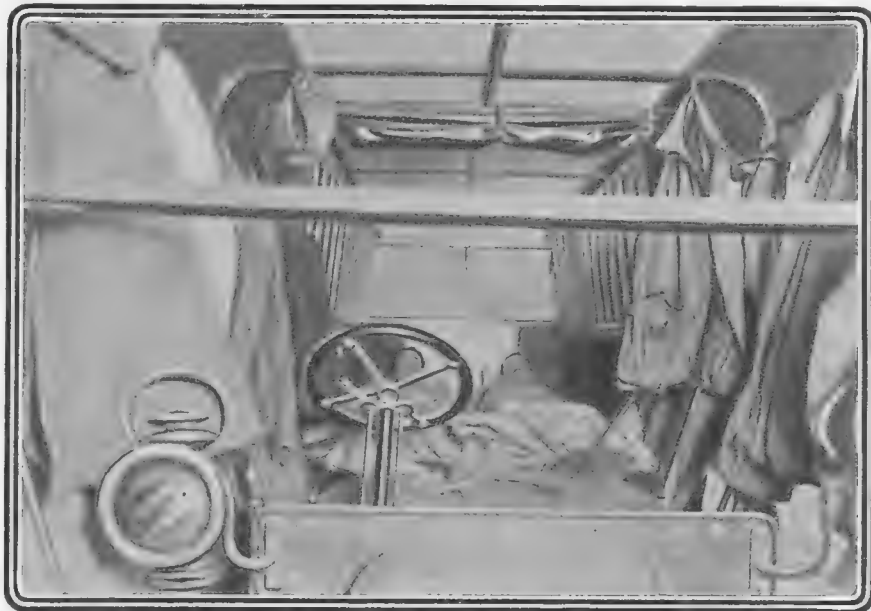
SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S FIGURES—TREACLE IN TIME OF FROST.

THE rapidly advancing Brooklands Motor Track is not to be alone in this country. Another and a larger may sooner or later take shape at Selsey-on-Sea, the name of a huge estate to be developed at that quaint and out-of-the-world promontory, Selsey Bill. A regular garden city is to spring into existence there, to the extinction of the bungalows, and the chagrin of all those who in bungalows do dwell. This new motor-track is to be four miles in circuit, and to have straights over a mile in length. Special garages are to be erected, and Selsey-on-Sea is to become a motorist's paradise. All this is very much on paper at the moment, but it is seriously intended, and the money is provided.

When such experienced business people as Messrs. Jarrott and Letts are so convinced of a good market for a low-priced, low-powered car in this country, one is not surprised to find them concerned with one of the most remarkable voituresses yet put before the public. I refer to the 8-h.p. single-cylinder Sizaire and Naudin, a quaint little vehicle that recently covered itself with glory—and mud—in a big race held in anticipation of the late Paris Salon. The car had been driven successfully some thousands of miles, and it was presented beneath the stately roof of the Grand Palais de l'Industrie with all its honoured dirt thick upon it. In such guise it did not look a very prepossessing vehicle, but from all I hear it is a most remarkable little affair, and will do well nigh everything but talk.

In order that the price to the purchaser shall be made as low as possible, every mechanical point has been kept to the lowest possible quotation, although strength and safety have nowhere been neglected. The single-cylinder engine is controlled on the valve-lift, a simple form of metal-to-metal disc clutch is used, while the gear, which in design will shock the serious engineer, has three direct speeds forward, all three driving pinions driving, meshing with, and the crown wheel surrounding the differential gear directly. The springing is luxurious to a degree, while in addition

Parliament when dealing with the new Motor Bill which will sooner or later come before the present or some other House of Commons. In order to illustrate certain points raised in a paper read lately before the Automobile Club, that indefatigable enthusiast, Sir John



A MOTOR-CAR EQUIPPED FOR SLEEPING IN THE OPEN: MR. FAYE AND A FRIEND RESTING IN THE FORMER'S HUNTING-CAR.

Mr. Faye has turned the motor-car to excellent use for sporting purposes, and has had constructed the special car here illustrated. Not only does this enable the shooting party to move from place to place with considerable rapidity, but it is commodious enough to act as night quarters; and it is, of course, valuable for carrying guns, cartridges, etc., and game.—[Photograph by G. G. Bain.]

Macdonald, the Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, gave some statistics he had gleaned himself with regard to traffic accidents. These figures apply to 1905, and were carefully collated in view of the assertion so frequently made that motor-traffic is more destructive to life and limb than traffic by animal power. The figures are for six months—from May 12 to Nov. 12.



THE MOTOR-CAR AS A TRAVELLING SHOOTING-LODGE AND ARSENAL FOR AN AMERICAN BIG-GAME SHOT: MR. FAYE'S HUNTING-CAR.

Photograph by G. G. Bain

to being fast and a rare hill-climber, I am told that the car is so hung that it could be driven across country without discomfort. A trip in a Sizaire-Naudin should be an experience.

It is a pity that no machinery exists for the compilation of statistics which would prove useful to motorphile Members of

During that period the accidents due to animal traffic were 656; to bicycles, 313; to power-vehicles, 242; to tramcars, 152; to motor-bicycles, 13. So much for accident. Now, the deaths due to such accidents were in the following proportion—animal, 132; power-vehicles, 69; bicycles, 64; tramcars, 30; and motor-bicycles, 1. Then for the same period we get the number of horse-accidents, brought about by the uncontrollableness of the animal—deaths, 41; injuries, 289; damage to property, 118; no injury, 12. So these figures show that out of 656 accidents occurring with animals no fewer than 419 were caused by the animal being out of control. If statistics could be rigidly, accurately, and fully prepared, a huge preponderance would be disclosed in favour of power-traffic, even setting one accident against the other. If only the percentage of accidents to total miles actually covered could be arrived at, the motoring percentage would drop to a vanishing point.

Although we may have no further trouble from frost, yet in climatic matters, at least in this country, it is always the unexpected that happens, and so it is well to be prepared. Car-owners have been advised upon the kind and proportion of glycerine which they should mingle with the water in their radiators to guard against congelation, but many may have been deterred from following this counsel on the score of expense. Now a French expert comes forward and asserts that the costly glycerine may be replaced by molasses in the proportion of 20 per cent., and that the potash in the sugar is an enemy to scale. But if radiator wash-out cocks were handy, we might often return to our cars to find the street urchin in enjoyment of a cheap hot, sweet drink.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

FUTURES—THE GRAND NATIONAL—FUNNIOSITIES.

It is very difficult for me to discuss the first big handicaps of the coming flat-race season, as I cannot find out that any of the candidates engaged are seriously thought about yet by those most interested in them. Of one thing I am convinced: several horses now named in the quotations published on the Lincoln Handicap will not be ready on the day of the race, while it is just on the cards that the fittest horse on the day will win, although he may not be the best to follow on the book. I am told that Mondamin, owned by Mr. Hill, who won the Cesarewitch with Mintagon, has been doing good work in the snow at Malton, and that he is certain to go close on the Carholme. My Newmarket correspondent favours the chances of Camisard and His Eminence. The latter may, after all, be kept for the City and Suburban, in which race he looks to have a big chance. Picton, if the best from Mr. George Thursby's stable, will be backed by the public, but it must not be forgotten that he is held quite safe on the book by Sarcelle, who was backed to beat him at Newmarket, and did so. Thank goodness, I am not called upon to give a definite decision! I am sorry that Lischana is under a cloud, as the horse is one that a good many people have been waiting for. My present idea is that Dean Swift and Sarcelle will run well for the Lincoln Handicap. In my opinion the Grand National will be a good speculating medium this year. I have heard good reports of Timothy Titus, who must be in the first flight if he stands up. Another dangerous candidate is Napper Tandy, trained by Sir Charles Nugent.

It is unfortunate that his Majesty the King will be unable to be at Liverpool to see the race for the Grand National, but the locals are hoping that the Prince of Wales may join the Earl of Derby's

than Lord Derby does, by-the-bye. It is quite a sight on National day to watch the Irish priests who congregate in Tattersall's Ring and munch hard-boiled eggs (the race is always run on a Friday) while they discuss the chance of this or that animal that was bred in the Emerald Isle. Another attractive feature of the Grand National is the start, which takes place just outside the paddock gates, close to the stands. It is really quite refreshing in these days to see a couple of dozen horses dispatched in a dead line by the flag system. But they do not keep in line for long, and often before the brook has been reached the field is considerably thinned.

I daresay most vaticinators could tell some very funny stories, but my experience is somewhat unique. Some years ago a lady sent me three five-pound notes to invest for her to pay for her holiday at Great Yarmouth. The fair stranger left for the seaside and forgot to send me either her London or country address, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to return her the fifteen pounds and to tell her that I was not a commission agent. On another occasion a young man in the City sent to me to say that he would commit suicide on the following day unless I gave him a winner on the telegraph-form he enclosed. In a weak moment I despatched the name of a horse, with the name of a race that it might win, as it had two engagements. The animal, which belonged to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, ran twice. In the first race it lost, and in the second won at seven to one, and this happened to be the event I had selected it for. Would you believe it, my City friend asked for another good thing on the following day! He did not get it. On another occasion a cousin of a Prime Minister failed in his literary efforts, and was strongly advised by a baronet, a son of another Prime Minister, to apply to me to help him to win some money. He wrote in tones of abject



OF INTEREST TO PHYSICAL CULTURISTS:
A REMARKABLY DEVELOPED BACK.
The photograph shows Mr. Max Sick, athlete and model.



NOT A TATTOOED MAN, BUT A PHYSICAL CULTURIST WITH ARM-MUSCLES OUTLINED FOR PURPOSES OF DEMONSTRATION.

Our photographs show a method of teaching anatomy in vogue at the Royal College of Arts, South Kensington. It will be noted that the muscles are clearly outlined. The photographs show Mr. Ernest Walton.

Photographs by H. Flett.

house-party. There is always a big attendance to see the cross-country blue ribbon run for, and Lord Derby's party forms a sort of semi-state procession which is quite a feature of the meeting. The Master of the Horse, the Earl of Sefton, always entertains, too, for this fixture; and he sometimes tries to win the race—which is more

despair, saying how he had reached his last hundred, and asking me to tell him how to give it a run to bring back, if possible, a thousand. I did not answer his letter.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS. *

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Lenten
Junketings.

I hear that all London is going to the fancy-dress ball organised by the International Painters at the New Gallery on March 5; but it is surely a sign of the lax way we observe the period of sackcloth and ashes that so gay a festivity should be planned for the middle of Lent. This is an opportunity for a sermon which Father Vaughan will surely not miss. Yet how is Lent to be "kept" when Parliament is in full session, dinner-parties are legion, routs and kettle-drums threaten in every quarter, when royalty holds Drawing-rooms, and when those aristocratic shepherdesses, the great ladies of the two parties, are emulating each other in feeding and fêting their respective flocks? How are we to chasten the flesh under these conditions?—except that a course of uninterrupted gaiety in London is for many people a form of penance which could not be heightened by scourgings and fastings. Simeon Stylites achieved immortal renown by sitting on a pillar day and night; the saints of modern society stand at the head of a staircase and smile at all comers—a form of heroic penitence from which they should be exempted in the season of Lent.

The Little White
Lie.

I foresee some diverting situations when we all put into practice Bishop Welldon's injunctions about the small, but useful, white lie. At present, polite people who are careful of wounding the susceptibilities of their friends and neighbours live in a hazy atmosphere of prevarication. Some professors of the art, indeed, lie for the fun of it, or simply "to keep their hand in," but the majority of folk do it from purely altruistic motives. The Bishop—who, by-the-by, is not above splitting his infinitives—recommends "an

and excuses which we all make are not intended to deceive and do not deceive, and that they serve no purpose. Yet we all fondly hope that our own particular white lie has been accepted implicitly, or how could the amenities of life be carried on in a hurried and complex world?

Lord Farintosh, we remember, kept on hand a tooth which ached whenever he wanted to evade a tiresome dinner-party; but nowadays we do not suffer from toothache, and some more plausible excuse would have to be invented to appease irate hostesses even by a modish young Marquess. At present, the most uncivil form of refusal we employ is that we "regret we cannot accept Mrs. Thrustar's polite invitation"—without an excuse; but according to the new rule, we must even omit the regrets, and the result would be a form of social bombshell which few of us would have the courage to commit to the penny post.



[Copyright.]

A SPRING PICTURE-HAT.

(See "The Woman-about-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A CHIC DESIGN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see "The Woman-about-Town" page.)

endeavour steadily to approximate to directness and truthfulness of phrase, even in matters which seem of little or no moment. This indeed would be a spirited beginning, but to what social upheavals would it not lead? The Bishop says that the conventional phrases

Domestic Fiends.

Man, in the aggregate, has become so accustomed to being trampled on at home that he rarely raises his voice against the ultra-domesticated woman, a type from whom he suffers to an incalculable extent. It has been left to a lady to make, in the austere pages of the *Westminster Review*, a firm protest against the modern ultra-domesticated woman, a type whose conversation consists in accounts of cookery lectures, and lengthy and detailed descriptions of the best methods of making poultices, varnishing floors, and detecting faulty drains. This spirited writer avers that charming and cultivated girls are nowadays snatched away from their studies and sent to expensive polytechnics, where all the domestic arts are cultivated to "an absolutely offensive degree." The result is that these young heiresses of all the ages are being converted into a kind of hybrid being best described as a cook-nurse-house-parlourmaid. As mistress of a house she will probably be the terror of her servants, who will not have received the same scientific training. This type, indeed, is only a glorified edition of the "noisy scullion" of whom Robert Louis Stevenson was so much afraid. In short, to over-accentuate the femininity of our girls is to convert them into those impeccable housewives of whom we all stand in dread. In domestic affairs, as in diplomacy, "surtout, pas de zèle" is an excellent aphorism.

Under the title "Get On or Get Out" Mr. Peter Keary has written a book that should be of much value to ambitious youth. It is dedicated to all young men, and all young men should find it useful. "Don't be afraid of that phrase," says Mr. Keary of his title; "it's the whole of the Ten Commandments of Business rolled into five small words. Happiness will follow its line of march. It will set you thinking, I hope, as Napoleon was set thinking by the words of Rousseau. But it will leave homes and happy families scattered behind it, instead of the devastation and dead men's bones that mark the march of the warrior. Get on or get out. Be the philosopher and the conqueror of work and industry. That's your way to become a Little Napoleon." Among the chapters may be mentioned—"How to Learn to Write," "Don't Get Swelled Head," "Why He Got the Post," "Is Office Work Demoralising?" "Politeness Counts," "Have You Made a False Start?" "How to Acquire General Knowledge," "Save Time When You Date your Letters," "The Value of Failure," and "Don't be a 'Baa-Baa' Man." The book is published at a shilling by Messrs. Pearson.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE newest veils are quite deep, and they all have borders. They are clear over the face, and of thin, transparent net, such as is becoming and softening in effect, and can be seen through quite easily. Below the face the border begins. It may be a little silken fringe—that is a very up-to-date veil-finish—or it is perhaps a lace border, or one of chenille. Worn quite loosely, and apparently carelessly put on—those in the know are well aware that nothing about woman's dress is really careless—the new veils are very satisfactory, and admirably adapted to the incoming hats.

Of these, many are of earth-brown straw. One was trimmed with little wreaths of pink roses drooping over the round crown, while at one side were two long ostrich-feathers—one brown, the other palest mauve. They fell right out from the hat, and then curved inward over the hair at the back. Pastel shades of blue, green, and mauve straws are shown in the salons of the best-known milliners. Shapes are medium in size, varied, and often bizarre in form. Each of them looks well, however, on one or other style of coiffure, and the angle at which they are worn remains a matter of supreme importance. The saleswoman with her customer's appearance at heart implores her always to set her hat at the same angle, and to be most careful not to alter her manner of hairdressing.

Between Courts much is talked of the latest modes in evening dresses. Empire and Princess frocks are holding their own. They are exacting styles, requiring much of the figure in the way of slimness and grace. Treatment and dieting will still have to be part of the discipline of our sex. There are modified versions of both styles, but the triumph is to be in a position to wear either in its most uncompromising aspect. At the first Court a dress that commanded great admiration was worn by the American bride of the son of an American millionaire, who makes his home among us. It was in Empire style, and of white net. The skirt was finished with a deep flounce of priceless Brussels lace, edged all round with a three-inch band of ermine. Readers will appreciate the perfection of weighting that the soft fur made to the net and lace. The bodice part was swathed in bolero-like folds in front, with pale-blue velvet caught at the back into a handsome diamond buckle. The train was of pale-blue velvet, lined with the same coloured chiffon. As a Court dress this is an excellent example of grace and stateliness in delicate hue.

There can be no doubt about the revival of favour for plain tailor-built coats and skirts. The evidence of it abounds at this time of year, when desire dawns to cast off winter clothing—warily, of course—and assume such as will be harmonious with the longer, lighter days. Gratification of our British liking for neat, taut, smart tailor-made suits need not be an expensive matter. At 51, Park Street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, Alfred Day has an establishment where coats and

skirts are made to order, and personally fitted, for two guineas. They are of good serge or tweed, selected by the customer from a very large number of patterns. In one style the skirt is strapped over the seams, and the coat is a short, tightly fitting Norfolk. Should people in the country want such suits, the firm make from customer's own measurements and bodices. Everything is made on the premises and to order. A selection of patterns is sent to any address at home or abroad; also a book of styles to choose from, in which every alteration from those at two guineas is clearly defined, and the extra charge definitely stated. The firm devotes particular care to orders from abroad, and, having many such, are experienced in packing and sending off parcels. The new materials and styles for spring are now ready for inspection. They are very worthy of the attention of those who want useful early spring suits, to take duty frequently or throughout the summer, and to act again for early autumn alternative costumes. The moderate price is a real benefit, particularly when it secures such excellent value. Many of the costumes are elaborately up to date; these are also extraordinarily moderate in price, considering the material and work.

Gold and silver shoes are in fashion again, probably because silver and gold tissue is so much in favour for evening-gowns. Coloured tissue with a metallic shimmer is also greatly worn, and shoes to match are being supplied now in fairly large quantities. It is a matter of great importance that foot-covering should match the skirt.

"Like the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets." So says the immortal Bard in "Twelfth Night." Never has any flower so endeared itself to our olfactory nerves. Eighteen women out of twenty prefer the perfume to any other, and in

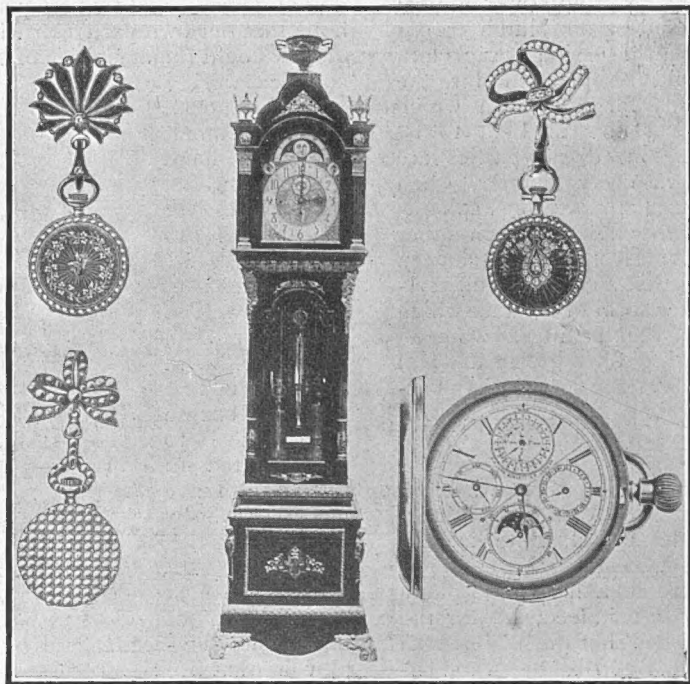
doing so testify to their own refinement and delicacy of taste. Some violet perfumes have the crushed, rather earthy smell of the flower when its exquisite freshness has worn off. Not so Courvoisier's Otto of Violets, distilled from the essential oil of the blossom that we love. It catches that sweet, fresh, exhilarating breath, and keeps it just as we would have it kept: daintily perseveringly, refreshingly, and never insistently.

Sketch readers will be interested to learn that Mr. Max Pemberton's one-act play, "Lights Out"—which, they will remember, was published in a Christmas Number of this paper—is now in Messrs. French's list, and can be played by amateurs on the usual conditions.

Mr. John Hassall asks us to say that the motor-car in which we showed him the other day was not his. We were misled by our informant.

From the office of Samuel French, Limited, Southampton

Street, Strand, comes a new edition of Mr. Wentworth Hogg's excellent "Guide to Selecting Plays." This gives full details, in a brief, clear form, of every available play in the language, from duologues to five-act dramas. Amateurs who are in search of pieces for production will find the publication of great value. The price is one shilling.



GIFTS FROM THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT TO THE AMIR.

Among the magnificent gifts presented to the Amir of Afghanistan during his visit to India were those illustrated, which were presented by the Indian Government as specimens of English workmanship. They were manufactured and supplied by Sir John Bennett, Ltd., 65, Cheapside, London, E.C. (through the East India shippers, Messrs. Dickeson and Stewart, 94, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.). The large grandfather's clock chimes the Whittington and Westminster chimes on nickelled tubes, and has an elaborate gilt-and-silvered dial showing the phases of the moon. The three lady's gem pendant watches and brooches are set in pearls, diamonds, and enamel, and are very fine specimens of the watchmaker's art. The gentleman's gold keyless watch is in a heavy hunting case, and has minute repeater, perpetual calendar, and minute and seconds chronograph movement of the very highest quality and finish.



SILVER-GILT PLATE FOR THE AMIR.

The beautiful service of silver-gilt plate presented to the Amir by the Indian Government, which we are enabled to illustrate, was designed and manufactured by Elkington and Co., Ltd., of London and Birmingham, through Messrs. Dickeson and Stewart, the well-known Indian merchants.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 12.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE general opinion seems to be that it will be some time before we see cheap money again, and the renewal of the demand for gold by Egypt, with a prospect of other quarters requiring the metal, has checked any tendency to improvement in the general markets, while the Home Railway market is in such a depressed condition that holders are beginning to wonder to what level the stocks are going in the end. Several years ago we pointed out in these columns that people were very foolish to buy Home Rails on a return of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but in those days it was useless to preach to the unconverted, while now $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. hardly seems to tempt the investor. The truth is that trade all over the world is increasing by leaps and bounds, and especially is this so in the United States, so that the demand for money has overtaken the supply, with the inevitable result of putting the price up.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber was speaking. "You cannot legislate—"

"Who told you I couldn't?" demanded The Solicitor.

"No personalities, please," and The Engineer played with the window-strap. "I have no heart to be merry while Home Railways are so unutterably depressed."

"You cannot legislate," repeated The Jobber, "for one single class, except at the risk of disturbing many others."

"A bas le Socialisme!" cried The City Editor.

"The sentiment is better than the French," commented The Broker. "It's true enough that investors are put off by fears of Labour legislation."

"Which doesn't altogether account for prices slumping," objected The Engineer.

"Look at the extra coal bill the Companies will have to pay this year. Look at the additional dividends that will be wanted for new capital. Look at the increased expenses—"

"Our bear is a Socialist, too."

"Other people besides me are looking at these things and arriving at the conclusion that money can be more safely employed outside the Old Country—"

"Siberia, for instance," The Jobber suggested.

"They say that part of the Peerage is involved, and that the brokers of the noble Lords swear they shall pay their differences, or explain the reason why, in the Courts."

"I've heard that, too," The Engineer observed. "And also that a very important personage is in the gamble, threatened with exposure unless the said Lords pay up."

"Not—"

"No, not he," was the reply. "It's all the fault of that tradesman-dodger, Lord—"

"No personalities, please," The Banker prayed, just in time.

"I am beginning to get a bit frightened of all mining shares," said The City Editor.

"Pooh!" sneered The Jobber. "Poor lamb!"

"I don't like the Way the Deep Leads market is puffed," The Merchant objected. "It may be a coming industry, as they say it is, but—well, the methods adopted in connection with the market don't appeal to me."

"D'you notice how Waihi Grand Junctions have dropped?" asked The Jobber. "You ought all to have gone a bear of them when I told you to, and made ten shillings a share profit."

"Are Tintos worth selling, I wonder?" and The Solicitor whacked The Broker's knee with the window-strap.

"Just transfer your little attentions to over the way," said The Broker, indicating The Jobber. "Tintos won't go down; they're more likely to rise further, in my opinion."

"Yes, but in the market's opinion, too?"

"Don't try to be funny," said The Broker, with some testiness.

"I shouldn't care to sell Rios," declared The Engineer.

"Nor Bays," added The Merchant.

"So long as Yankees keep up, Bays will rise."

"And what's the betting on Yanks? The barometer keeps high,

but prices don't yield much. Yankees are awfully hard, all things considered."

"A thaw is not so bad as a white frost—sometimes," observed The Jobber with studied indifference.

But The Solicitor kicked him.

"Don't fling mud at me," was the young man's cheerful retort as he leant down to brush the leg of his trouser. "I'm only a man."

"Markets seem to have got the pip all round," groaned The Broker. "Kaffirs ought to have gone better after the elections, but they haven't. Consols are dull, Yankees nothing doing, Japanese and Russian flat—"

"To say nothing of the trouble in Egypt," added The Jobber. "That's broken out again, I'm told."

"What's the matter?" The City Editor unguardedly asked.

"You haven't heard? Same old trouble. All the camels have got the hump."

The Broker withered him with a look, and The City Editor gnashed his journalistic false teeth.

"How those little Anglo-Ceylon Plantations have jumped!" exclaimed The Merchant sweetly.

"Don't sell any Tea or Rubber shares," said The Broker, like an oracle. "All Tea things are going stronger."

"Liptons?" queried The Merchant.

"I didn't quite mean them. They will go better some day, though."

"Dunlop Deferred aren't a bad spec.," The City Editor ventured.

"And Humbers can be counted fairly safe for another run-up."

"I'd rather buy Eadies," quoth The Engineer, "in spite of the rise."

"You get hold of some Deccans and keep them," advised The Broker. "Never mind them going down a little, or up a little. Just keep them for a big profit."

"That so, Brokie?"

"I bought them myself. To take up."

"And when a broker takes things up," ruminated The Jobber, "you can bet your ill-spent life he knows something."

"There's another good thing for the future," said The Engineer. "It's Zafra and Huelva Railway bonds: twenty-pound bonds they are, and stand about 9. Had a fair rise lately, too."

"Where's the property?"

"Spain. The railway carries all the Rio Tinto copper, and as the Rio Company is about to increase its output very largely, the Zafra and Huelva will benefit correspondingly."

The City Editor said it sounded interesting, and The Jobber rose to depart.

"Lovely weather this," he told them from the platform.

"See those chestnuts coming out? Grand day for the race."

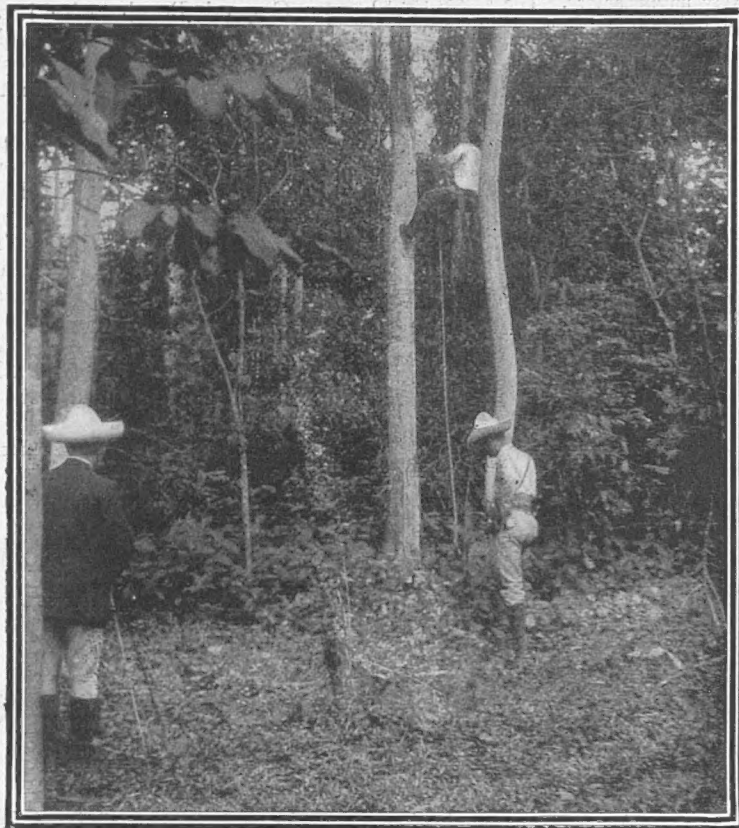
The City Editor was leaning out of the carriage-window. "Race?" he said innocently.

"Yes," replied The Jobber. "See the chestnuts coming out? Human race, of course."

FOREIGN RAILWAY INVESTMENTS.

Apart from the very substantial advance in the prices of the various issues of the old Mexican Railway, there have been no very notable movements in the Foreign Railway Market in the last few months. The leading Argentine Railways are becoming more and more classed among solid investment stocks; 7 per cent. appears to be the maximum to which they all tend, and below which they are less and less likely to fall. The Buenos Ayres and Rosario, which still pays only 6 per cent., naturally offers most scope for improvement, and the Deferred stock, which returns about $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at the present price, should be a sound investment. It stood as high as 119 last year. Amongst other railways there has been a sharp advance in the shares of the Arauco Railway Company, which is said to be doing a much improved business. In January 1906 I drew your readers' attention to the 6 per cent. Second Debenture stock of this railway, which was then quoted at 82. It stands now at 98—100, so that anyone who bought a year ago has done very well out of them. The Ordinary stock of that old favourite of mine, the Autofagasta Railway, remains round about 170. The gross earnings for 1906 show an increase of about £200,000, of which possibly one half may have to be added to the net earnings. It seems certain that the dividend on the stock will be, at any rate, not less than 10 per cent., although it is probable that working expenses may have increased rather considerably last year. This Company has been, in fact, suffering, like the American and Canadian railroads, from a glut of traffic, causing great congestion at the port of Autofagasta.

Improving traffics have led to an advance in the price of United of Havana Ordinary stock. On a 7 per cent. basis—and the dividend is not likely to be less than this—the return is a very satisfactory one. Turning to Brazilian railways, Rio Claro San Paulo shares keep very steady, although



A SCENE IN THE RUBBER FOREST OF THE CHILIAN EXPLORATION AND DEVELOPMENT SYNDICATE, LTD.

the dividend has at length fallen below 14 per cent. As I have explained before, the dividend on these shares must decline gradually as the Bonds of the Paulista Company are redeemed and reinvested, but the decline will be very gradual, much more so than was originally expected, owing to the low price at which securities of a high class can now be purchased. The wonderful figures published by the San Paulo Railway Company this week show that the past half-year has more than fulfilled my anticipations. It is not the policy of the Board to increase the dividend beyond 12 per cent., but after paying this dividend £100,000 is placed to reserve fund, £100,000 to rolling-stock reserve fund, £35,000 to income-tax reserve, £50,370 to writing down the Company's holding of Consols of £550,000 to 85, and £320,380 is carried forward. In the corresponding half-year to December 1905, £50,000 was placed to reserve fund, £100,000 to rolling-stock suspense account, £30,000 to income-tax reserve, and £162,027 was carried forward. The increased net earnings of the past half-year amount, therefore, to no less than £263,723, or over 8 per cent. on the Ordinary stock. I append a table showing the return at present prices on some of the most promising investments in the Foreign Railway market—

	Present Price.	Dividend.	Return per cent.
Arauco Second Debentures ..	100	6	£6 0 0
San Paulo Ordinary ..	210	12	£5 14 0
Buenos Ayres and Rosario Deferred ..	107	6	£5 12 0
Rio Claro San Paulo shares ..	26½	13½	£5 4 6
Autofagasta Deferred Ordinary ..	168	10*	£5 19 0
United of Havana ..	116	7*	£6 0 0

* Estimated.

Saturday, Feb. 23, 1907.

Q.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

POMPADOUR.—(1) The present position is very unsatisfactory. The shares are so low that it seems worth while to risk what is left in the hope of improvement. (2) This is a good stock, but we think you might do better. (3) The concern is doing well, we hear, and the bonds are a good second-class security.

GAMBLE.—The lotteries are mostly swindles; don't have anything to do with them. The Premium Bonds are quite a different thing, and those you name honest.

ASHTRAY.—Certainly, if you bought in July, you ought to have had the autumn dividend. Ask your bank about it and show them the contract-note; they will make the broker claim from the seller. Dividends are paid to the registered proprietors without application.

WICKHAM.—The meetings are in April and October.

MIRROR.—Get someone to search at Somerset House for you and see if the Company is alive or liquidated, and if alive, what is its address; then make inquiries of the secretary or the liquidator.

UNUS.—We do not advise an investment in any of the Companies you name.

DOUBTFUL.—Hold both the Mining shares and the B Debentures. The former are a bit of a gamble, but the latter will prove a good speculative investment.

RAMSAY.—None of them would suit us. Sell the Klerksdorp.

J. S. C.—See the judgment of Mr. Curtis Bennett when he dismissed the summons against the people you name for dealing in lottery tickets. Buy them if you wish, but employ a good broker and get them at market price.

G. L. B.—There are such contradictory stories going about Zines that we do not care to advise. We think they are all right; but no doubt some trouble is being experienced with the new plant. This is not unnatural.

BOBO.—(1) Communicate with Nathan Keizer, of 29, Threadneedle Street, who, although not members of the Stock Exchange, do a considerable business in Premium Bonds, and will buy them for you at close market prices. (2) A fair speculation.

SMOKE.—There is not a free market, but dealing can be arranged by negotiation; price about 1½-4.

BLUECAP.—(1 and 2) The price on a transfer is not often exactly what the ultimate buyer pays. The shares may have changed hands several times, and in the end the original seller and final buyer come together on the transfer. (3) A speculation. (4) Hold or buy some more to average.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following should go close at Kempton Park: Rendlesham Hurdle, Smoker II.; Middlesex Steeplechase, Red Cloth; Thames Hurdle, Rayon; Stand Steeplechase, Red Lad; Spring Steeplechase, Judas; Bushey Park Hurdle, Rosemarket; Ashford Hurdle, Sabot; Two-Mile Steeplechase, Bouncing Boy; Portland Steeplechase, Cynique. At Sandown Park I fancy the following: Aissele Hurdle, Elston; Warren Hurdle, Be Very Wise; St. David's Steeplechase, Nonex; Selling Steeplechase, Orpington; Liverpool Trial Steeplechase, Cissy's Revel; Lammis Hurdle, Zampa. For the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown I like these: Gold Cup, Old Fairyhouse; Imperial Hurdle, Lancashire; Sandown Open Hurdle, Sancho; Past and Present Steeplechase, Bonar; Grand Military Steeplechase, Flaxman; United Service Steeplechase, Geoff.

General Booth, who has been outlining to City men his scheme for a Rhodesian colony, has a rival, upon a small scale, in Lord Delamere. His estate at Nairobi offers facilities for colonisation which he has not been slow to recognise. He planned out fifty square miles and offered it free to as many suitable settlers. They may rely upon his keeping them free from the terrors of the forest. Also they might without fear of disappointment look to him as a present help in trouble should human enemies arise. He is the one European whose name has passed into a proverb with the Somali. They know him well. A friend who has hunted with him says that Lord Delamere could have settled the trouble with the Somalis single-handed, had he been permitted. The Mullah's men would do anything for him. Perhaps his long pocket and way of dealing with them have something to do with it. At any rate, he is the man whose name they employ when inciting a raiding party to the attack. "As rich as a Lord Delamere," they say—and it suffices.

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